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#### POR THE BATCHDAY STENING POST. CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

TO MRS. W. L. G ....

Sweet friend, another chequered year Again we greet with reverent joy, The blessed Christmas Day.

"Would," says my heart, "that with the I also had the power, On those I love, all precious gifts At Christmas time to shower."

Then, tokens fair for each dear friend, I'd reck throughout the land But Gon, who gave the loving heart, Denied the wealthy hand.

All I can offer thee, who long Hast shown me loving cares, Whose smiles have gilded many a cloud, Are love, and thanks and prayers

My love-thou hast it all the My thanks—new kindness shown,
Forever opes that found afresh—
My prayers—to Reaven's high throne.

They rise, dear friend, for thee and thine, Most fervent, rust sincere, That all thy Caristone Days be glad, And happy each New Year.

MRS. ANNA BACRE.

Christmas Day.

### THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THI SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMESON BENNETT, AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," " PHANT

OF THE FOREST." AC

[Entered according t Act of Congress, in the yea 1867, by Francisco Sanett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern Districtsf Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I

I had finished myodlegiate course, received my diploma as Doctor of Medicine, and the autumn of 18— found me a traveller in the field river region of Louishn. From the far waters of the North I had tunned swiftly down the great valler of the Masissippi, to the point where I had disembarrel to pursue the rest of my journey by land; and, on the back of a noble beast, I was my, on a clear, fine day, slowly picking my way drough one the most gloomy scenes the Loil ever made.

A cypress ewamp o the sunny South!—how shall I describe it? hw convey to my reading friend a picture of its wist, death-like gloom?

It is a broad, dead wel, of miles on miles in

extent, with a mudd through it. At every the of this river, its water cover all this level, maing an alluvial deposit and then stagnate thereand remain the greater portion of the year, becoming covered with a thick, green seum. I through this rich alluvion, stagnant water at green scum, sprin millions of gray, crooke trunks, which branch out thickly and support blease canopy of short. dark green leaves, that cen at the best have a scorched and blasted amfunereal look. Ther these in turn are so drapt and interwoven with of the brightest day barry makes a twilight of the sepulchral gloom tenath. No gay plumed, merry warblers ever sing a these dark, dreary thickets-the air being to heavy with fatal mi nems for their delicate thoate and lungs; bu wild bearts of various kins, the hourse-volced wallowing alligator, the game, deadly moccasin the screeching owl, the fleping bat, yards, toads, and millions & millions of poison ous mosquitoes, here live and flourish like things of higher life in love regions.

Through one of these dismal, missmatic

swamps, I was slowly picking my way at the time I have chosen for the pening of my narrative. I could have gone p the Red river by steam; but my object beingto cross the coun try, and visit various localite that could only be reached by land, I had puthased a horse at a small village on the Mississipi, and boldly set off, without either companie or guide. Tous far my overland journey he proved dreary enough. From the very first had been riding through a swamp, that only when driest season of the year could be crossed by travellers at all—the soft alluvial bottom at all other times being under water from the indistions of the Red river and its tributaries at bayous. Properly speaking, there was a regular road through this swamp-only a set of path made by cutting down trees and cleans away bushes the width of a few feet, and thich was occasionally used by the few scatted inhabitants living on the higher lands of thivarious water

It was now about the middle o the afternoon of a very warm day, and I had ben riding for at least six hours through the dreary scene I have | attempted to describe, and had not yet met a single human being, or seen the least sign of a

"Surely," thought I, "If I have not missed my way, I must soon strike some of the higher lands and find the cheerful mansion of a hospitable planter

I rode on for another hour, and came to a creek, or bayou, that crossed the path I was pursuing; and the first object I saw was a huge alligator wallowing through it, at which my horse became very restive, snorting with fear. The water was low down la this creek, and the bottom I could see was a sticky mud, that would endanger the life of my horse, if not my own, should I attempt to ride him across. How did people get over here? or did no one ever make venture? Certainly there were no footprints on my whole route, to show that any one had passed here since the last rain. What should I do? The path I had been pursuing, plainly continued on the other side, but I dared not ride my horse into such a muddy stream Perhaps, by following along the bank, I could find a safe place to cross! I acted upon the idea; and the result was, after riding for an hour, that I found myself so completely entangled among thick bushes, cane, reads, coarse grass, and the long, Spanish moes, as to be obliged to dismount

to extricate myself and horse.

Here was a predicament surely! and I confess that, whatever else I thought, said, or did, I did not bless the hour in which I, a stranger in the country, had set off alone through such a horrid region. I had heard something of the cypress swamps of the South before leaving my native clime, but I now felt I knew a good deal more about one of them than was at all necessary for a healthy understanding of the subject. In the open path I had pursued, I had been annoyed with thousands of mosquitoes ever since annoyed with thousands of mosquitoes ever since setting out; but all I had before seen were as nothing to the black, living cloud I had now got into, and I began to fear they would poison myself and horse to death before I could get back to the place of lesser torment. I was thed and hungry, and so was my poor beast, and the prospect be-fore us was dismal enough. If I could have possibly retraced my steps to the Mississippi before nightfall, I would have done so, and abandoned my overland journey in this direction alto-gether; but such a thing was out of the ques-tion. Night would soon settle over this dismal scene; and the idea of passing long hours of darkness in such a horrible place, filled me with shuddering apprehension. I was about to turn and go back to the road I had quitted, when, on pecring into the thicket before me, I fancied I discovered a small opening; and on pushing forward a rod or two further, I did find something resembling the path I had left; and which, coming down slong add of the barrout of which, coming down along side of the bayou to that point, turned abroptly off toward the inte-rior of the swamp. This path, too, on examina-tion, I found had recently been used; for there were several fresh foot prints of horses, and this discovery cheered me wonderfully. Where they had gone I certainly could go; and with the hope of soon reaching some habitation, I re mounted and urged forward my beast, employ

A mile further on I came to a little wooden ridge over the bayou. It was so light and from that I did not dare to trust my horse on it til had dismounted and examined it, and then I led him over with great caution, he snuffing with fear. It struck me at first that this bridge was not a permanent fixture there, and on close in spection I found a rope attached to it, evidently for the purpose of dragging it away, or securing it to a tree during high-water. The path now led along the other bank of the bayou, and I pushed on as fast as I could; but found no improvement in the route—the same gloomy monotonous, interminable swamp-till ride of some three or four miles, when I sud denly came upon harder and higher ground, and to my great joy, soon found a small clearing among some loblolly pines, and in this clearing a log-but, which to my weary eyes seemed to

om up like a princely palace.
"At last," thought I, "I shall find a place to rest for the night.

This, however, was by no means certain; for on riding up to the hut, I saw it had the ap-pearance of being fastened up and untenanted. pearance of being fastened up and untenanted I hallooed, but received no answer. I dis mounted and knocked at the door.

"Who dar?" said a smothered and feeble voice, that articulated with a sort of groan. " A friendly stranger who has lost his way,

As there was no rejoinder to this, I ventured to push open the rude slab-door. I was met by such an issue of foul air that I instantly sick-

ened and started back involuntarily. the name of Heaven, who are you? and what is the matter within there ?" I exclaimed "Oh, Marser, I spects I's dying, I does!" was the groaning but feeble response, in the unmis

takable voice of a negro. "What is the matter with you?" Spect it am feber, Marser

Yes, Marser."

How long have you been sick ?"

"I's doesn't know dat, Marser. Ob, for de hib of God, Marser, jest please fotch poor old Cato a drink ob water!"

No, Marser, I libs alone; and dem as comes and finds old Cato sick, goes away, and says dey won't risk dar lives for old nigger. Now, dear Marser, please don't you done go 'way 'fore fotching poor old Cate a gourd ob water, and dat's all I'll eber wants, I spect."

Here was a duty to perform that would be at-tended with the most fearful peril! I could only enter the foul, pestilential atmosphere of that miserable abode at the risk of life; but my profersion and humanity both imperatively manded me to go forward and dare all. soldier to shrink from battle because of the flying bullets? is the physician to recoil from the gasping sufferer for fear of malaria? Out upon such cowardice! We have but one life to upon such cowardice! We have but one life to live, but one death to die, and let us both live and die so that we may not dread the judgment of Him who shall say to the uncharitable: "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was

thirsty and ye gave me no drink!"

I tied my horse and went in. I threw open a couple of wooden shutters and let in what light and air I could. I found an old, gray-headed negro lying on some filthy straw in one corner, sick almost unto death with a wasting fever. will not revolt the feelings of the reader with a description of the horrible scene. My thorough collegiate course had fortified my senses against many sights and scents that the uninitiated would shrink from; but what I now encountered was almost too much for me. I did my duty, however. The old negro had been many days sick, and for the last three not a thing had passed his lips. How he had done without food was easily enough understood; but his sufferings for want of water had been terrible; his tongue was swollen and his parched lips cracked; and he now piteously begged for the liquid element as a man about to be murdered might plead for life. It was contrary to the medical rules of life. It was contrary to the medical rules of that day to give a fever patient much water; but I felt that the poor fellow could not long survive without it; and as I had only a few simple medicines with me, and probably could not reach his case so as to afford him any relief, I resolved that his last wish should be gratified, and this considers he his this resolved that he had not be considered by the same of the could be considered. consolation be his in his exit from a world of pain and trouble. I took up a gourd lying by his side, and he directed me to a spring of clear, cold water, that bubbled up at the foot of a large pine tree. When I returned with the ves-sei full, he was almost frantic with desire: his eyes fixed on it and glared like a maniac's. I raised his head and held the gourd to his lips. With all his remaining strength he esized it with both hands and drank the whole of its

God brees you, good Marser! more!" he articulated.

I am afraid I have allowed you to kill your self already!" I answered.

"No, no-more! more! God bress you Marser! more!" I went to the spring and filled the vessel a

econd time. I judged it held a quart, if not nore. On my return the old negro drank the whole of this "Dar" he murmured, with a satisfied air; "de Lor' in Heaven bress you, good Marser! old Cato kin die happy now."

and seemed to fall asleep. For some time I from home, of meeting some one from the same negro's but. For a considerable time they were stood and watched him, expecting every moment section of country as yourself. As I had not much puzzled to know where and when they would be his last. To my surprise I soon per yet been seen by either of the travellers, and as had met me before; but at length I explaine! ceived that his breathing was becoming more regular and easy, and that a gentle perspiration was moistening his hitherto parched skin. I felt his pulse and thought I discovered a decided change

Could it be that the course we physiciane took to cure in certain cases was the very one takill? Perhaps so; for the so-called science of medicine has always groned in the dark only

reader, though I will not positively assert that I have often made it to my patients. Leaving the old negro in a gentle sleep. I now west out into the open air, where I could breathe freer while determining what to do. My first The gaping astonishment of the two men was intention was to ride on and endeavor to find cloud that lay heavily along the horizon, threatto start-for, the way being unknown to me, I while trying their hest to bring my person dition than I was now. If I could manage to get anything to eat here for myself and beast, "Wal, I snum to Guinea," at length exciaimed get anything to eat here for myself and beast, a stable for horses, large enough to contain exactly tell where I'd seen you afore several, and with plenty of hay and grain. Peter, he wish wou now?"

What did this stable here? But perhaps Cato

"I dinke it was a good wass there air and fived by raising horses! At least here were comfortable quarters for my own weary and hungry beast, and I lost no time in making use of them, and putting him where he at least was contented. This done, I next began to look out for my hungry self. I went into the cabin again, and found the negree.

some salt, and an old kettle. I carried these out into the open air, kindled a fire, and cooked a meal that a starving man would have reliahed much better than an epicure. However, it served to appease the cravings of hunger; and, every thing considered, I was thankful for what

By the time I had finished my repast, the shades of evening were rapily settling over the whole scene. The cloud in the west was gradually stretching up toward the zenith, with occasional flashes of lightning, and low, rumbling I went into the house and found my patient still asleep. Not wishing to disturb him, nor remain in a place so very unpleasant, I partly closed the door, to keep out the coming rain, left the shutters open for ventilation, and rain, left the shutters open for ventilation, and then set off toward the stable, intending to camp down there for the night. I had only gone a few steps, however, when I heard voices, and the tramping sound of horses, and I stopped to see who might be approaching. A minute after, a ouple of mounted men emerged from the thicket into the clearing, and I heard a voice exclaim,

as if in joyful surprise:

"Great ginger! If there aint a house at last,
Peter Reichstadt, then my name aint Caleb Stebbins! I told you that are hose-track would lead to so'thing, and it has. Jehoshaphat! but I'm tired as all git out! A log-cabing it is; but what could you expect on sich a tarnation route as this ere? I snum to Guinea, I'm glad of any place to poke my head in, and git a bite, arter the ride I've had in that derned old swamp, mong them alligators, snakes and muskeeters Jerusalem! how they did bite, consarn 'em! and I wouldn't wonder, Peter, if I've lost half my blood this blessed day!"

"I dinks dem was dakes more from me as you already !" was the grumbling reply of the second

speaker. "And so they ought to, l'eter, for you've got twice as much blood to spare as I have. If I's as big and iat as you be, I wouldn't mind losing a few pounds of flesh and blood; but you see I

haint got nothing to spare." "No," returned the other, with a kind of chuckle, "you is a goople of dimes more like a rail as me.

"Oh, wal, I'm not so all-fired thin nother "Vat you means by der hogshead mit der

legs, ch?" quickly demanded the other, with some spirit.

"Oh, nothing, Peter, only jest a joke, you know! Wal, here we be, right smack up to the house, and all dark inside, and not a critter There's where's there's ben a fire though outside, so I guess there's somebody reound. Hello the house!"

The travellers had now stopped in front of the but; but as it was between them and me, I was not perceived. The conversation I had through conversation that each was bound outh heard had disclosed to me the names and has ward on a tour of observation and possible tionality of the two men. Caleb Siebbins was a speculation, and had since kept company and downright Down Easter, and Peter Reichstadt become very warm friends. They had purchas was a full-blooded Dutchman. I was glad to el their horses in Tennessee, and had ridden know I was about to have such companions in them down through the state of Mississippi, and that wild, out-of the way place; and being from the North myself, Caleb Stenbins seemed quite the Hed river as myself, and on the same day, near to me, as if he might be an old friend or but at I felt pretty certain I knew my men, I at once the joke to them, and we all had a hearty laugh resolved upon having a little quiet joke of my own. Coming suddenly around the corner of the hut, just as the Yankee, naving tried the second halloo, was in the act of dismounting, I looked at him steadily for a moment, and then ourselves that we were so comfortably fix.

ran up to him, seized his hand, and exclaimed:

"Why, as I live, I do betieve this is Caleb Stebbins, from away Down East! My dear feltow, how do you do? I am delighted to see you here!" And then, before the astonished Yankee could get his open mouth shut for a reply, I turned to his companion, and added. And here is Peter Reichstadt too! —this is indeed a

to me ludicrous in the extreme, and it was only some hospitable planter with whom I could pass with the greatest difficulty I could restrain my the night, and then send one of the servants to self from a burst of laughter directly in their the assistance of old Cate; but on perceiving faces. They had of source forgotten the fact of that the sun was already sunk behind a black their names having been spoken in my hearing; cloud that lay heavily along the horizon, threat ening a storm, I thought it would be imprudent them, both looked comically puzzled and foolish, should probably get lost and be in a worse con- their recollection, and remember where and awake

and pass the night, I should then have a full the Yankee, defing his hat and scratching his day before me. I crossed the clearing to find had, 'I'm tarnas glad to meet an old acquaint ance, like you be, down here, that knows me, low structure, pretty well hidden in a thicket. I went into it, and, to my surprise, found it to be this minute, I couldn't call you by name, or jest a stable for hower level.

out for my hungry self. I went into the cabin ously at each other. Evidently they wanted to again, and found the negro, not dead, but quietly recognize me, and it amaked them to find they

plied Mr. Stebbins; "but I can't somehow jes you, (as I spect I do, or else how'd you know you, (as I spect I do, or else how'd you know me?) I'm right glad to meet you agin out here, where good folks, or in fact any folks t all, seem to be rather stars. He you the owner of this here shanty?"

"No, I am only a traveller, putting up here for the night."

"Yes, wal, I thought you didn't look like a

"Yes, wal, I thought you didn't look like a feller that had got down to owning sich a consarn of a house eractly. Why in thunder don't people build frame houses, like we do Down East, and not waste good logs in putting up sich hunly things to live in, I'd like to know? I guess maybe you're the traveller, then, whose hose tracks we've been follering for miles?"
"Yer, like!"

Very likely. "Yes, wal, who's the owner here? and where is he?"

"An old negro, who is lying sick inside, with a very dangerous fever, is the only person I have been able to find on the premises."

"Great ginger!" cried the Yankee, starting back, with a look of alarm; "d'you 'spect the fever's ketching?"

"It may be—I would not like to sleep in the

"Guess not! Jehoshaphat! phew! What'll

we do, with night and that are thunder shower right on us?"

right on us ?"
"I think of sleeping in the stable."

"Then there's a stable, hey?"
"A good one, and plenty of fodder."
"Hooray! that's luck! hey, Peter?"
"I dinks yaw!" replied his companion

The two men now hastened to stable and feed their horses; and by the time this matter was completed, it had become quite dark, and large drops of rain were beginning to fall. I ex-plained in what manner I had made my own supper; but though quite hungry themselves, they were obliged to defer following my example.

As soon as the rain ceased, they set about collecting sticks, and in a few minutes had a bright, cheerful fire, over which they succeeded in boiling some rice and potatoes. blazing brand, I went into the hut meantime and examined my patient, whom I was m gratified to find still sleeping as gently as an fant, and I left him for the night.

In personal appearance there was quit a cotrast between my new acquaintances, though twenty, and some three years my senior. Yankee was of the medium size and rather with a keen eye and sharp, shrewd features while the Dutchman was short and stout, wi a broad, full face, and a dull, phicgmatic ex-pression. I may also state here that they had pression. first met on the Ohio as travellers, had disc the fied river as myself, and on the same but at a later hour. They had followed

As soon as they had finished their sunner, we selves down on some hay, and congratulated passing the night in peace and safety. We hoped for undisturbed and refreshing repase, and so fell saleep, but only to be awakened in a man ner not the most congenial to travellers in a strange place.

## CHAPTER II

THE CHEAPPERS I was dreaming of standing at the altar, with young and lovely bride, when suddenly some ark body, surmounted by a death's head, passed between us. I seemed to start back in hor or, and fancied the warning word, " Beware!" was uttered in my ear. I swoke with a shudder, and heard the voice of Stebbins, in a cautious

I say you, Doctor Walbridge-be you

Yee, what is it ?" I repued, in the same out

There's so'thing going on that I don't exactly like

Where ! what you

There! harm! don't you hear them voices?"
I did now hear strange voices, as of several men conversing together in low tones, and also

"Wai, I don' anow; but when a feller's away from home—a stranger, in a strange place, in a strange country—he's like to be afeard of most sleeping. I bunted about the squalid place, and could not discovered a small bag of rice, a few potatoes, "It's mighty usee: I sham I" at ships to put your chaps down in these ere parts, that

if they could make anything by duing on't.

"Wai, yes, I've got a couple of plotole; but the Casts aint none of the best, I guess. I bought 'em' lore I started, and loyded 'em; but, I stum to Jerusalem, I never expected to use

You had better reprime them," said I; "and, if newwars, I can lend som a couple of flints. I also have a brace of pistole, which I know to be in good order-for, ever sions setting out from home, I have made it a unint to be pre-pared for the worst. How is It with your friend

th, he's well armed too. But I say tourespect we're againg to get into a nouse to count ginger! it's what I don't like a

"I hape we shall have no trouble of corre-, but I know no more went may happen their yourself. If we should have trouble, I suppose you will stand your ground?"

"If there shall no way to its off I a'pose I'll have to?" replied the continue I anker; "but fighting's a ting I don't like, I tell you?"

"Is you from I have a ke?"

"Yaw I was will up already der find ones," replied I'rter homself. "I was should alequing away a good deal van I hours der hossen and der more and I shakes mine from here and deller. sent and I shakes mire friend here and delli

"You win have "
"Yell, now be no prepare normalize for the worst, and here presents quiet till we find out something deficie. There men may be only neighboring places, who are not for a righta common locus from some gather-ction man state arrival here may be often to un thin, otherwise. Let us out now and loten, and postapa we may from their conversation what we are so to know. If akt they are coming this

to read the part they are coming the confidence of the boson, and the voices of the boson, and the voices of the part of the p

us, Hishe, the Captain said we should ere long emough to feed, if we did at t once and make the thing our now what minute the county may now of these planters are devise on other horse or nigger, and the ren warm to know If they eath

often blance are they gold to of we do stay here an hight the twenty miles to right at least and over one bread bayou, so that laund couldn't Allow?"

" interrupted the other, "pure, increme! Of course the Cap to be cardinos, and who's agoing g short. We can stay here in our all the factor at daylight. In a job o'lantern could ever go silve git first internal awamp on such a series, and mans capacially after the rain shall be said the better for this the norme, will be the better for it, and so Came, boys, what do you say?"

out you door the fixing on't for us and "17"," repeated the voice of

Yes, t'em's 'em-that's what we'll do I' ob-

Then, I you have it to me," rejained the most hake "I shall decide on staying here churse you will take the response

a 1 the value of him who had been as , it if take the responsibility it answered

the said then? Stall we stable our of end them outside to the set of the stable out to them with we're

water I spect he's get se," put in one were, "that nigger I recken's gone

side the shanty that, I wouldn't !"

is you think so?"
when Is-this here way a few days ago, he was going it rough with a in. Anytoly as wants to kin put thar nose the door and take a whilf and at the question

curselves," said the volce of Blake; "and I think we may as well stable them, for they'll eat their grain belier from the manners. Some-body pass the lantern here!" "Now is our time!" whispered I to my com-

pations, "we must leave the stable before they enter here, or we shall be caught."
"Hut where'll we go to?" inquired Stebbins,

Anywhere that will afford us concealment." Great ginger | and how'll we git our house

out ""
"We can't -we must leave them where they

Maybe these ere scamps 'll run off with 'em. veil, do you want to lose your life by stay ing here to guard them ?

by a great boker sight, I snum ! "Then you have no time to lose. Follow me, and don't make the elighteet noise."

I harried to the principal door, opened i softly, and allipted out, my companions being close at my beels I saw, by the dim light of a lantern which one of the party beld up before him, a group of some half-a dozen men and as rees, surrounding a female figure, who appeared to have a handkerchief bound around mouth, which she was making signs to have

What's the use of keeping her gogged, d the voice of Blake. here, I dare say; and if she's so foolish as to set up a cry, we can gag her again. That bandker TOU know we were not to use any more form

than necessary. I'm for removing it at once. What do you say?" 'I'm willing," answered Jee, "if she'll agree not to ecream

facre, she node her head in reply," rejoined "and so out with it!

The stable being, as I have said, in the centre "And here's a fine tooth comb, a lot of tracts, a thicket, probably placed there for a nefa a shaving brush, soap, razor, a thimble, some

rious purpose, and intended in he concealed thread, two shirts, a pair of dirty stock-they could make anything by doing ou't."
"Are you armed?"
"Are you armed?"
"Wal yes, I've got a couple of pistols; but could watch the ruff or and overhear their con-versation and at the arms time run but little rick of discovery. That there was some foul scheme afoot, was very suident, and I was anxious to find on what it was, with a determi-nation, so far as lay in my power, to fusing the villainy and right the wrouged. That some fe-male had been hidneyed, and herne hither with speed from a circuit locality, was clearly to be forced from the convention, we had overing or ald, hundrome or harrely, we had not to learn. The first words also et after the gag was removed from h where the gag was renoved from the about, the winned me that the was intelligent, reflect and educated; and to be say that from statements I became most deeply interested in our well are in only to admit that I was not called to all

feelings of homatics.

"On, men," she exclaimed, as soon as the could speak, "to what strangs, with place have you broaden me and what are to produce the with me?"

the value of Hube, in a tore of some deference "we're not agoing to do you may boully barm and only put that gag in your mouth from the presents of the case for it wouldn't have done

"You know me than, it seems!" she said. "Of course I do," answered the other

" Do you know my father, Colonel Bran

don?"
"Well, we all know comething of him, I'm
thinking en't boye?" replied toe other, in a
tone that se med to indicate room neers comity.
To this there come a greatling response from

" Hetter not hav much about him!" out h voice of Joe.

"Horset's right L' said Hiske; " your father's same, Miss, don't bring up the best feelings in " Hurnet!" repeated the lade this this person

"Jan Harset," repeated the lady | ' is this person named Housel's" "Jan Harset, "I vous service." replied the man himself. "I've you know no ?" "Not personally, six-athough your name named familiarly."
"You've hard it before the, ?"

"I am almost certain I have."
"Was it connected with a public whopping? quired the other, in a soller, angry time

" My father is tich," said the lody, quickly, as if necking to avail a reply to the question of the other, "and if you will put me to rather I will insure you all a handsome sum and in questions solved."

\*\* We're obeying orders, and have nothing to do with your rensum," and flinks

"Who is your chief, then?"
"That we don't till."

"Nor what you are point to do with me?"
"Nor nor that either. Come, bore," he pursued, in a commanding tone, "put up these house now at once, and then let us ere about Paradig the night in the most confortable way. Please diamount, Miss. I'll help you down. There you are now, and probably feel rather disagreeable from being coshed. Shall we kindle a fire fer you to dry yourself by F or will you camp down in the stable and try to get some sleep? for we must be off again at daylight, would offer you the but there, but if the of nigger inside is either cick or dead, I suppose it wouldn't suit you!"

"I am your prisoner," replied the lady, "and will do what you advise, thanking you for all the kindness you may be pleased to show me."

That's a sensible way to talk, at all events "That a a crastile way to talk, at all events; and if you don't feel too disagreeable in your wet clothes, I think you had better camp down in the stable at more. You may rest without fear; for we've got our orders, and none of us will disturb you."

will disturb you."

"And why am I hidnapped? and where are you going to take me? and when shall I see the man you call your captain or chief?" inquired the lady, in a tone of mill possession that to my mind indicated a rather remarkable per-

"Please don't ask me any troublesome ques-tions, Miss Brandon," said. Blake, "but decide at once whether we shall kindle a fire for you or

"No, sir!" replied the lady, in a haughty, of

" Very well, Mins -I take you at your word!" rejoined Blake, "and so please move on to the

At this moment there came an exclamation

"Hello!" called out the fellow; "here's

iomebody ahead of us, here's horses al-

The rest of the party burried to the stable with the lantern, and great was the surprise of all at finding our horses there. At first they seemed disposed to believe that the animals had been put there by some of their own gang; but on discovering our bags, they decided they belonged to travellers; and the next natural question the whereabouts of the owners.

They're in the shanty, I reckon," said one and if we want to take 'em by surprise, we'd better not make too much nelse

"That's a fact," returned links; "and so whist, boys be quiet! Open the saddle-bags there," he added, "and let us see what is in Great ginger! they'll git all my thinge!

whined Caleb Stebbins, almost loud enough to be overheard.
"You had better keep your mouth shut, or they will get you too!" said I, in a etern whisper.

"Concarn 'em! how mad it makes me, to stand here duing nothing and have sich this ves fumbling over my things " returned the Yankee, in a cautions whisper.

"What have you got in your saddle-bags of " No. but love of potions and things."

" Hello! here's a Bible! said one of the rul "That's mine !" whispered Caleb. "And here's a hymn book!"
"That's mine tew!" groaned the anxious

voice of Blake; "we don't want to wante our time here over such trash, which I suppose beongs to some canting, snireling, sholltion treacher, whom we'll have on the first tree as soon as we catch him.

"Great ginger! only fear 'em now!" gasped the frightened Yankee

"Any money there, Horset?"
"I no," tind aty,"
"I'teh the things to the dogs then, and let na hunt for the owners! Somebody take the lantern and look through the stable—up on the mow -- all around."

While this was going on, we took the percau-ion to eitertly withdraw ourselves further back in the thinket, though not entirely beyond our-Presently we heard one of the billows

"Thar's nobody here now, though I've seed a place here as lookelike they mought have camp-d

down." "Well, Welsh, da say and Dasan they her the down to the not and see what we can not like to? said the voice of Blake, in a guarded unable for the last north to funds a regular time. "If we have got three strangers here among us, it is very important that we find them as soon as possible? Miss Brandon, you will the entire edition of certain weeks being explained to remain here till we come base! Have, hausted. he lady stays with your sharp's the word, you ion't need it and we do . I'm not going into the tailinger kennel in the dark."

A minute after, we knew, from what we had hard and by the movement of the light, that all but two of the ruffians had set off to search for us at the dwelling of the old negro; and it then occurred to me that we might perform a very worthy exploit in their absence, by stealing up and mastering the two follows at the the young lady-or, at least, that this would be a very worthy exploit if we could be ould be a very worthy exploit it we could this amplish it. But the queetion was, could this adone? and would it be prodent to attempt In a hurried whisper I threw out the sug stion to my companions, and the cautious ankee replied

It 'ad be a ternal slick trick if we could du

"It 'ud be a tarnal elick trick if we could us it. Dactor—but I'm afeard we couldn't. S'pose we'd fail—wouldn't we be a tarnal eight was off than we be now?"

"We should not be any better off, that is cartain," I replied. "We have some things in our favor for the attempt. We are three to two against these fellows at the stable, and could easily master and manage them; but then, it they were to give the alarm to their compa would be an unpleasant business for us, to say

the least."
"Dun't let's run any rishs then!" said the cautious Caleb; "for, consarn it all, I don't want to git into any more trouble."

"But our horses, Mr. Stebbins-how are we ever to get postession of them again, unless we

ever to get possession of them again, unless we embrace the present opportunity?"

"And all my things tew!" groaned the Yankes. "I snow to Jarusalem! it's tew bad, that's a fact! D'you think we could venter and git off safe new? come!"

"I think perhaps it might be a fair risk," I received. "In the fact risks, "I think perhaps."

replied. "In the first place, I believe we could steal up so as to take these fellows completely by surprise, and at least secure them, if not prevent them giving an alarm; that done, we hould be three to four against the others, (for only coun(ed six.) masters of the stable, and s well armed probably as themselves, with all the horses at our command. In the second place, the hut is distant from twenty to thirty rods, and, unless a very loud alarm were to be raised, the main party might not hear anything ase I think we should have ample time to bridle

and saddle our horses and get off." "Great ginger! and where'd we go?"
"Ah, that indeed! I know no more of the

"And them fellers coming right arter us

"For our own safety, it would be best to ither kill their horses, hamstring them, or turn

"How'd it du to take 'em along, bey? kind o' selze on 'em like, bey? d'vou think it 'ud be stealing, bey?" queried the Yankee, with an eagerness that showed that be was by no means indifferent to gathering an honcet penny

Before we attempt to seize their horses, I And that reminds me that time eassing, that the others may soon return, and hat, if we are to do anything, we must set about

"I snum to Gainea! I don't know what to say " If I's only eartin nervous, fidgety manner. we'd come out all right, I wouldn't mind the risk. I aint afeard, you see-but I don't like to fail, you know. What d'you think, l'eter ?

"I dinks what you dinks!" replied the Dutch "I don't dinks not'ing mine self. I shoost man. focs how you wants me."

'in other words, you are ready to stand, run.

Stebbins, however, could not exactly make up his mind what was less for us to do "If I only knowed we'd succeed, you know

he explained, at considerable length, your man afore you could say Jack Robinson but I'd bate to fail in this ere business, m tarnally. It aint 'cause I'm afeard,-for that aint the natur' of the Stebbinses; my gran'ther run very fur if I's in battle myself-though I'l allow I don't hanker arter that are kind of glory; but I don't jest want to put myself in them fellers' power, that's a fact-'specially eence, as you heard 'em say, they'd hang me to the fust tree. "In short, to make an end of the whole mat-

ter," said I, " if I go, I must either go slone, or with only Peter for a companion." In reply to this, the Yankee was proceeding

with another lengthy explanation, when sud-denly his voice was checked by the shout of one of the men at the stable.

The next moment I heard the rustling of the

# SATURDAY BUENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1867.

# THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER:

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST

BY EMERSON HENNETT, We commence this now story by Mr. Bennett

n our present number the Lorest" and "The White State, a Total

of interest and adventure may be expected. as early a date as possible. The early numbers will, Weith, do you and Insomative here and heep a sharp lookest, while the red of us hefore the demand was satisfied, although we slip down to the hut and see what we can find printed an extra collion. And we have been

THE PAST YEAR Like an overripe from the tree of Time a rear has drepped into the object of the Past; fallen with all its topes and fears, be false promises and broken resolutions, its builds plant and warm aspirations; and as the count close over the year that has gone, leaving but come it saing tits of wrick to remind as of a house cargo foundered. But a faint morning gleam theks the sea, and above the borizon lif the sals of the coming year. What cargo is shall bring to port who shall tell? As we look forward now, so a year ago we looked forward, with hopeful or fearful eyes, into an unknown uture. Few of us have had our hopes real zid

Born in the right and dying in the night, th sear has preced like a dream; already many of its events have the vaguences of a half-forgotten vision. To some it has been a dream of son shine and delight; to some of midnight gloom to many, the vision of an April cay, mingled smiles and tears; to some —a blank. Many and many the years since man began; few, alas, unforgotten; few strong enough to write their own biographies or the open page of time in those indelible characters which neither change nor decay can obliterate. Let us glance at the record of the past year and see what claim is as on the attention of the future.

Its political record is not unimportant. In our own country the fever of the few preceding years has absted. War has done its work and we are slowly reaping its fruits, resping the mingled wheat and tares sown by the red hand of battle. In South America we have had a striking instance of a small and unfriended state successfully defending itself against nowerful surrounding nations. The borders of Paraguay are yet her line of defence. Her obstinate re-sistance has sown dissention in the camp of her confederated foce, and gained her an important ally in Bolivia, while all the glory of the war is hers. In Mexico the problem of foreign occu-pation is nearly solved. A disunited and fac-tious people have foiled the efforts of France to possess their country, till, after years of strug-less Maximilian has little market the little gle, Maximilian has little more than his crown as evidence of his empire. In Chili we have seen another attempt of Europe to set foot on seen another attempt to rearroge to see foot on the soil of America, and have seen Spain re-treating with no further glory than that of having destroyed a defenceless city, if she claims that as glory. Europe should see this have learned that we have open arms for her as an immigrant, but

have no toom for her as a conqueror.

In Germany we have seen the ancient empire of Austria fall before the one laught of a vigorous young power that was not born when Austria was at her climax of power. In a campaign almost unexampled for brevity and vigor the map of Europe has been changed, the German con-federation has become a Prussian empire, and the ambitious ideas of Frederick the Great culminated in a remarkable advancement of the territory and importance of his kingdom. In Cindia an oppressed Caristian people, after a strong effort for liberty, have probably fallen before the arms of a more barbarous foe. Such a speciacle is always distressful; for civilizations have a natural community of feeling and antipathy to the success of batharism. Ignorance and retrogressive principles are becoming hateful to our eves, while we are the natural allies of all

In fact all Europe has scemed resting on a stra tum of war and revolution, with muous sound using from power, the growth of a thousand years, and hat once held the Carletian world in as now scarce foot-room on the earth. Krin, weary of the long protest against misr revolt, which must be settled either by con cessions or gunpowder, that powerful agent i uleting trouble some demands.

l'eace too has its triumphs to show. own country displays several brilliant results of Thus Chicago has eclipsed the celebrated Thames tunnel in the remarkable achievement of tunnelling Lake Michigan, and by it solved the problem of obtaining an inexbaustible supply of pure water. Another of our cities, C neinnati, has schieved its marvel, havthrown a bridge across the Onio wi ren span of unprecedented length, some five or six times the length of that of our new C street bridge, the completion of which is not the east wender of the year. An example of a ve solder id as is shown in the project of tunnelling nancel, and of a grand accomplish ment, in the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph England has tied the continents together with ads woven of the lightning, the heart-best Europe thrills the pulse of America, the limbs of Europe, for a world herve underlies the ocean and her the two continents are one

The Russian and American Telegraph now cried the fellow, at the top of his being laid through a desolats wilderness and far lungs; " forch back the lantern, quick I she gal's | up into the frigid sone, is no less important an an enterprise of equal boldness and more world-wide importance is our P. bushes and a lady's dress quite near us; and cine Railroad, rapidly advancing, and destined making a few hurried steps forward, I encounto to be a prime agent in peopling that vast terri-

which a few conturies ago it was the problem of the world to reach by sea. In Paris the preparations have been made for a World's Fair of they want to prepare the year appropriate the year appropriations of the United States Patent. Office represent in any degree the general progress of the world, there will be a most striking

In Science there have been some points of interest. The Meteoric Shower, which visited England, it it did neglect us, was important, both in us fulfillment of a Scientific prophecy, and as another example of that character of periodicity of which natural phenomena have already displayed so many unexpected lustances. The visit of Professor Agassic to Brazil, and his discovertes of excessively nammous species of fish in the Amazon, and indications of a Glacial action europassing anything yet discovered in other quarters of the world, is not the least of the year's accomplishments. We might mention meeting of Social Science Congrusses, the appelion of the Magnerium Light to Photography, the curvising feat of telegraphing through the least of both Adantic canba with a sincle galvanic part contained in a lady's thimbie, and In Science there have been some points of in

sale job contained in a lady's thimble, and such brails of importance, to powe that the any year has a record of which any of its ruthers mad the proud.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD, A Novel, By WHILLIAM T. Abana Direct Optic) Published by Lee & Shepard, B. stan; and also for eals by E. H. Butler a. Co., Phila.

#### A "Congress" of l'ashion.

The Paris corre-pondent of a London journal

arbiter elegantiaruna of Paris is M. game Grapus, of Le Syart. M. Chapus tells us as the 'Directing Committee of the High World Paris' held a meeting recently to deliberate a the reform of certain social relations. The manittee came to the conclusion that a gentlean or ledy at table may or may not, as he or be pleases, follow the old custom of breaking in the plate the shell of the egg that has been aten—of not pouring coffee into the saucer, lowever it may be—of breaking, not cutting, however it may be of treasing, not cutting, heread—and of rot esting or drawing the whole of what is served—but that he or she must not, under pain of social cetracism, 'allow the fork to travel from one hard to the other.'

"The fork," adds M. Chauns, "must be kept invariably in the left hard, and the knife in the

to rook, as is done with certain pieces on the chrishboard." Your readers will see that this is in near riance with the English rule, though I believe the English table code, more merciful, does not pursus a roan with teath for taking his fork in I saight hand. But I must greatly embarrase the holk of the French people, whose rule it is to cut their food into bits and then early it to the mouth by thefork in that hand. It must still more embarrase be Garrooms, who It must still more embarrass be Germans, who, in the conveyance of their diments, use the knife, or the knife and fork sumbined. However, the Directing Committeesnows best what is good for us, and we must mey its mandates without murmoring."

gentleman in St. Louis, who dremined to test the matter relative to the haired house in that ity, after detailing the noise made, gives the oflowing as the result of his ivestigations. He ays: "It now flashed upon he that the rustsays: "It now flashed upon he that the rust-ling sounds and heavy blows spparently upon the floor, proceeded from the horses in an ad-joining stable. I laughed agar. The silk skirts were simply whisps of hay shich the quadru-peds were eating and tossir; about, and the ground and sighs were simpy the coughs and shorts of the spic continue. One starts we grouns and sighs were simpy the country re-shorts of the same creatures. One mystery remained unsolved—the ratific of the door. On examining the door, I found that the rate had gnawed a semicircular hib at the bottom; over this hole a piece of it had been nailed, and the rattling of the dod was caused by the attempts of a large rat tog in ingress into the room."

There used to be s good English clergy-man connected with the Povidence Conference who had a carpet bag maked with the single initial L. On one occasion in those times the annual sitting of the confrence finished its businces and reached the fine adjournment in the afternoon, but a few mintes before the hour when the members were t leave town. Many of them, anticipating such state of things, had taken their baggage to be church where the sessions were held, and a soon as the benedicpile of valises and bags i the entry. Our Eng-lish friend was at the lasend of the crowd, and not being able to get tribe pile, stood at the ther seen a carpet bag arked Hell ?"

The work of shousand men for four years," is the inscriptio upon the immense rail-road bridge which has ust been erected across the Susquehanna river : Havre de Grace, Mary-Rev. Dr. Dix, ( New York, said, in a

late sermon, that he cold mention an Insurance Company with a proprty of \$44,000,000, and at least three individue in that city who were worth \$50,000,000 ess. A man cied ecently in Shrewsbury, Mass, who had beene so advanced in his second childhood, the for some months he had persisted in carrying, bed with him each night a rag doll which beleged to one of his grand-

Labor in Sezerland is worth from ten twenty cents a da. The woman do as much farm labor as the nen, and thus have their "rights" to a considable extent.

Marble firences should not be washed with suds; it willn time destroy the polish. After the dust is wied off, rub the spots with a nice oiled cloth, the rub dry with a coft rag.

ta A Virginisgentleman has a gun with

be has shot eventeen hundred deer The chamigne cellars at Epernay are out four miles log and contain five million California hich in 1857 imported about 50,000 barrels officur, can export this year, according to the simate of the California Far-

mer, something he 2,500,000 barrels. A lady he gone into the freighting bu-siness between lebraska City and Denver. She owns a train ofive wagons, which she conducts herself, reciving her freight, hiring her hands, and suprintending the loading and dis-

charging.

"It's aong lane that has no turning" tered her so suddenly as literally to find her in tory through which it extends, and in bringing but even with he present fashion of long trains my very arms (70 HK CONTINUED.) within easy reach of our Atlantic coast that Asia you can't turn mouselin de Laine.

### South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY STERING PORT BY COSMO.

INDIGO-WHAT IT IS-APPEARANCE-CULTURY-MANUFACTURE - DULCTAN ARCHITECTURE - WIND MILLS - WATER WHEELS - RAMS - FINE -SPINNING -- WEAVING -- A FUTURE

Within the last ten days I have heard a city Within the last ten days I have heard a city dealer in drugs and dye stuff; stub a country customer somewhat brusquely upon the Indigo question. The collegay ran in this wise. Mr. Rural, complaining of the high price of Indigo, remarked that he supposed the price depended much upon the season and vicisalitudes to which the black it likely in countries where it is recom-

the plant is liable in countries where it is grown.
"Season!—Plant!—Grows!" echoed the man of drugs, with increasing emphasis and larger exclamation points. "Why, Mr. W., you are green about Indigo. Talk about seasons—plants—growing Indigo! Ha! ha! ha! Indigo is no more a vegetable than pig iron is. It is a mineral, sir, and like all other minerals dug out of the earth.'

Guess you are a leetle mite more blue abou rial is made.

As the Indigo education of perhaps three fifths of all the consumers of that very necessary blue, both in the United States and elecwhere, is probably quite as deficient as that of our druggist friend, and as has already been observed, considerable quantities of very fair In-digo are produced in the Andean valley of Dulce, the manipulation and manufacture of which, as well as the growth, structure and general ap-pearance of the Indigo plant, correspond in all essential features with those in all other coun tries where commercial Indigo is grown and made; a few brief paragraphs, telling the public something about Indigo-how it grows, what it is like, how manufactured, &c., may be both entertaining and instructive

The Indigo of the Val de Dulce la identical with that of the Amazon regions, Central America, Mexico, and the West India islands—the Indigofera disperma, having a dual character, the plant growth above ground, being annual, and the roots triennial, running sometimes into perennial habits, producing fair crops for ten years spontaneously. But the general practice is to crop three years, and then replant. The average height of the plant when fit for cutting is about three feet—In appearance resembling nearest the common "aweet clover" of our gardens, growing quite as straggling and unsym-

The planting is mostly done in November, the land having first been carefully cleaned of all weeds and divided by shallow drills about three inches deep and twenty apart, the drills being scooped out with a curious crooked stick fashioned into an awkward cross between a handplough, sugar scoop and wooden hoe, with a long handle, dragged along by hand, and two tu na and repeat complete a furrow. The seeds are dropped by hand, the intention being to guage there about a foot apart, boys and girls following the men and wemen droppers, covering the seeds an inch in depth, more or less. A bushel of seed is sufficient to plant about five acres. During the season of growth the culti-vation is thorough and almost continual, all weeds being carefully removed, as any foreign plante cut with the Indigo would greatly injure

The plants come to p-riection for cutting in from two to three months after planting, the proper season being indicated by a dark-green powder or farina covering all the foliage and stems. At this stage the plants are cut, usually from four to five inches above the ground, leaving two or three of the lower branches with the stubble, which are called "ratoons." These will yield a eecond crop fit for cutting in about six weeks after the first comes off. The first year's crop is usually light, those of the second and third years maximum after which the yield as a rule falls off gradually, though, as I have said, there are instances where good yields are given up to the tenth year, but these are rare

The plants are bound in small bundles as fact as cut, and at once closely packed in vats of stone made water-tight, weighted down with bamboo covers loaded with stone, and pure soft water let on, enough to submerge the whole stowage. The steeping process lasts from six rater, which, if all right, will be a bright, beau tiful pea green. Then, without disturbing the stowage the water is drawn off into a lower vat the golpendoro, around which men, men, girls, and boys assemble, each armed with c-bandled, wooden spatula, with which fall-o upon the green solution, belaboring it with all their might, in a little time they actually Then the flocule, or coloring pris ciple begins to curdle, and se arating from the water gradually subsides, settling over the bot-tom of the vat in a deposit very like very blue, The clear water is then carefully soft clay. drawn off, and as it possesses, or holds in solu-tion all the fertilizing properties contained in the Indigo plant, it is carefully saved to irrigate and fern ize other crops.

Tue blue sediment soon granulates after set tling to the bottom of the vat, when it is put into wide, loose bags and dried in the sun. Being thoroughly diled, it is carefully assorted and put up in green bide sacks or cerons holding sout an euroba of thirty-two pounce each. To green hides being packed full and securely factened with stout thongs, their great shrinkage in drying hardens the Indigo bags almost as solid as a block of granite.

The plant after having undergone the steeping process must be burned as soon as it can be made at fliciently dry, otherwise in its rapid decomposition it emits such an offensive, putrid steach, that death by plague might otherwise stenon, that death by plague might otherwise supervise. Besides, in its decaying stare it ge-nerates the pest-ferous "Indigo fig." inimical alike to man, beast, and vegetation, in such countless millions, that in the aggregate their bulk would almost equal that of the plant pile The average yield will not vary much flow five eerous to the managing -equivalent to cal in the way of making the manufacture of manu ac using process is inexpensive, and the largely remunerative enterprise, is the small like cost of cultivation no more than that of our root crops, it will be seen that if the plant could be grown in the United States, farmers at pre-

the Val de Dulce-

First—houses. These, like a very large majority of houses in Spanish America, the Spanish West Indies, Spain itself, Manilla, the Philipines, or wherever there are Spaniards, are of adole such is the attachment of the race to this par ticular material for building purposes, that I believe one of the blood, whose great great grand-parents multiplied by ten back through thirty generations, going to locate in Lapland, his first idea would be an adobe domiclie. But the adobe dwellings of the Dulceans are better, more artistic, neater, and possess a far more homelike appearance than the great mass of mud fortresses that one finds in all countries where Spaniards or their descendants are the dominaut race. The Dulceans are more careful in the painetaking in making up, moulding into bricks, and finally laying it into walls than the Spaniards and Portuguese in general are.

As in all South American countries where the

As in all South American countries where the earth has a fashion of going suddenly into fits, shaking things upon its surface about most unreasonably at unreasonable and unlooked for times, the buildings are generally of but one story, roomy on the ground, with messive outer walls and strong partitions of the same material, binding the whole structure firmly together in a way to defer the fifth vides of the common. way to defy the fitful shakes of the common enemy. While these necessary features have been maintained, however, the good taste and better mechanical skill of the Duloean builders have so hidden them by substituting the steep, light Gathic roof with projecting ends and caves, sup-ported by fanciful brackets, wrought of bamboo work, latticed verandas and doors and windows gracefully exched to compare with the roof, shaded by and admitting light through neat, delicate bamboo acreens, that the heavy, stolid always gloomy style of the old Moorish archi tecture entirely disappears, giving in place of that tops or heavy tiled roofs, fortrees walls, prison-like doors and windows, with cross bars and ponderous plank shutters, a great gloomy corridor and everlasting twilight in all the interior, a light, pretty Sarleenic effect without, and within an air of cheerful, cosy comfort that is always wanting in the Moreeque alobe house.

These people are clever artists in pneumatics and hydraulies too. Irrigation is everywhere resorted to as a fertilising agency, and while the various means of lifting the water from the streams that traverse the valley are exhibitions of great ingenuity, their reservoire, viaducts, and water courses, branching out from the fountain head, and in their serpentine ramifications diminishing as regularly as the blood channels of the human system as they run more remote from the source of supply, afford evidence of no mean skill in cugineering.

The wind-mill is the first and favorite power for water raising, as also for several other useful purposes, and in the construction of these, which are numerous along every stream, of streams that traverse the valley are exhibitions

which are numerous along every stream, of many different patterns and constructed mainly of bamboo, the wind-mill wrights of the Andean valley might probably afford the mill builders of more civilized countries some valuable hints.

The most common method of raising water is by a wheel attachment to the mill, the top of the wheel being something higher than the receiving reservoir, and having fixed to its circumference numerous buckets made of sections of bamboo, oscillating and so arranged as to scoop up the water at the bottom, and tilting, empty the waters on too into the reservoir. Other themselves on top into the reservoir. Other wheels again are revolved by the current, lift in water in the same manner by having two-thirds of the buckets with their open mouths facing up stream as motors, while the other third, being the lesser power, and reversed, lift up the water. Pumps they have also, in several varieties, simple and compound in ac-tion, and many among them very efficient; but the most interesting of their water works is a cert of hadranile ram varied something from in water in the same manner by having twosort of hydraulic ram, varied something from Mongolfiers, or any of its recent modifications, but having the principle the same we guessed from the monotonous, regular clank chuck con-tinually going on down under ground and dis-tinually audible a quaster of a mile distant. All that was visible of these self-acting ma-

chines, was first, several-in some instances as many as eight-lines of pipe made of large bamboo and laid close together, sometimes nearly a mile in length receiving the water from the of the plant and its readiness to give up its blue. The average time is probably about fifteen hours. This is determined by the color of the eer pipes coming up out of the ground, and lead-ing off horizontally, or with an easy upward inclination to the receiving reservoir, where they spouted forth the water in jets, precisely as ou hydraulic rams do. Of course there must been an underground sir-chamber and valves acting in concert, but they were all covered up, and as there were none of the machines in course of construction, affording an opportunity to investigate, and those who possibly might have explained always making a great mystery of it, the exact principle remained a matter of mere guess work with us.

There was another of their industrial art which, though they made no mystery of i a wonder and point of admiration than all their surface and subterranean water-works. first feature of this art was the beauty and variety of yarns and threads deftly spun by the nimble fingers of the Dulcean dames and maidene, with no other gear than the tapering wooden peg for a spindle, and a bobbin to wind the spun fabric on. From the finely divided fibre of an indigenous plant, a very little resem bing flar, they spun thread as fine, even, glossy, and stronger than any silk I have ever seen. Beautiful yarns and thread were also spun from the long, soft staple of the perennial cotton while from the flossy wool of the Hama a 1, and the long, silky hair of the vicuna, were spun and woven fabrics that would compare in texture and beauty of surface with anything that ever came from a European or North American power loom. We saw veils woven of vicuos for and lawns from the fibre of the Izalapa plant and perennial cotton, that her Majesty of France

might be proud to west. The great, and to them insurmountable obstiabout three bundred feet square; so that as the these beautiful woven fabrics an extensive and

sent prices could make a paying business of its culture.

Believing that sufficient has been said upon the subject to show the reader that Indigo is not a mineral dug from the bowels of the earth, let us take a glance beyond the blue subject at a few of the domestic arts and manufactures of the Val & Dulce.

What a magical and mighty revolution is many more features than cloth-making would the introduction into all these regions of Men-denhali's Self acting Hand Loom achieve. Take for instance the Bolivian territory east of the Andes, a wast undulating plain, capable of supparting a population of fifteen millions of per per abounding to excess in all natural resources of wealth, having a climate unrivalled in the world for salobrity, unequalled as a grazing region, bicased with perpetual spring and sum-mer, having innumerable water-powers by which carding, spinning, and cloth-dressing machinery acting as hand maidens to the magic hand loom might be cheaply driven—with the Beni and great Madiera rivers navigable to light draught steamers into the very heart of the territory, af fording an unobstructed liquid highway to the mighty Amazon, and by it to the sea and the markets of the wide world—with such advantages, Bolivia requires but the progressive energy of a better policy infused into her coun cils of state, and with rapid strides she would emerge from the low depths of dependence, throw off her servile vassalage to a sister republic, redeem her mortgaged mines, and assume the position that by geographical locality and many internal resources of national wealth she is eminently qualified to maintain—that of Key-stone State and Queen Regent of all the South American republics.

Losing the Happy of a Heart. A mother who was leaving her home on a visit, told her little boy and girl not to go through a gate at the bottom of their gardeo, which opened into the wood. The children were very happy for a long time after their mother had gone, but at last, in their play, having reached the gate through which they were not to pass, the little boy began to feel an earnest desire to go into the wood. He persuaded his sister to follow him. Nothing appeared to disturb them, and after rambling appeared to disturb them. then, and after rambling and playing about, they returned, having concluded not to tell their mother where they had been, unless she asked them; she had not expected them to disobey, and never thought of inquiring. Notwithstanding this, the little boy did not feel comfortable. He knew he had done wrong, and he could not

help feeling unhappy.

When Sunday night came, and the little boy had been washed for bed, he and his mother commenced to have a nice talk, as they usually had at that time. James could not keep his sad secret any longer from his kind mother, so he told her what he and his sister had done; and then in some sort to show that her command was needless, he said that nothing had happened to them. The mother let him know that something did befall them, and that they had lost something, and urged her little boy to think what it could be. Perhaps she meant they had lost the habit of obedience, and would be easily led to do wrong again; or perhaps she means they had lost her confidence.

The little boy could not think for a long time of anything be had lost. He knew that he had of anything he had lost. He knew that he had left his ball safe, that his knife was in his pocket, and that his elate-pencil was at hand when he wished to use it. But as he continued to think, he remembered how uneasy and uncomfortable he had been all the week, and at last, in a low, sorrowful voice, he said, "Mother, I did lose something in the wood, I did; I lost the happy out of my heart."

## Nest of the Humming-Bird.

The nest of the humming-bird is a miracle of perfection in domestic economy. For beauty, fitness and safety, the wisdom and taste displayed in its arrangement are irreproachable Bedecked in a plumage of emerald, ruby and tonax remarkable for the delicacy of its form tops, remarkable for the delicacy of its form and grace of its motion, unsullied by rain from the clouds, or dust from the earth, feeding upon the nectar of the flowers, its habitation should be in character and so it is. Shaped like a half cup, it is delicately formed of lichens colored cup, it is desicately formed of liceness coored like the branch on which it is fixed, and lined with the soft down of plant blossoms, of mullein leaves, or the young fern. It is delicately soft, sheltered, and undistinguishable from the bark of the tree, of which it seems a most natural excrescence-a moss-grown knot. Two white eggs, as large as peas, adorn the nest, upon which, as asserted by some naturalists, the cock

and hen sit by turns, for ten or twelve days. scarcely larger enter upon their existence in a chamber tapestried as with velvet, and are fed with the sweets f flowers from the maternal tongue. The tiny lousehold exhibits not only a commendable ceatness, but exquisite taste and delicacy in all its arrangements. Can gentle humanity derive no lesson from such an example? - J. Dodge

22 Old Dr. Aignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. cuesion, the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it of When it came said he; "why, that's nothing serious; I have malescen e in twenty-four hours !

RESCLT OF FILTRATION .- Dr. Franklin gives of remarkable instance of filtration through animal chargoal of the East Lendon Company's water, supplied to the tenants of Miss Coutts, in Columbia Square, seven hundred in number The organic matter was reduced to the minutes quantity, the hardness from twenty to seven de

Tus maid I love has violet eves And rose leaf lips of red, She wears the moonshine round her neck The sunshine round her head And she is rich in every grace, And poor in every guile, And crowted kings might envy me The splendor of her smile

We overheard a conductor kindly say to an aged lady, "Don't hurry, madam; we've all got to be old sometime, if we live." That man uet have had a grandmother whom he loved.

Punch" has discovered perpatual mo He says it is "The winding up of corpo

#### THE PRESS CLUB.

This excellent Institution celebrated its third Anniversary with a "Banquet," on the 22 i ult. There was a large attendance, including a number of invited guests. Speeches were made i response to suitable toasts by Morton McMichael, Mayor of the city and publisher of the North American, and Messes. Forney, Kelley, Dough erty, Souder, Green, &c Mr. Emerson Bennett, in response to the toast

The Fathers of Pennsylvania Journalism,

epoke as follows:

"The Fathers of Pennsylvania Journalism. The Fathers of Fennsylvania Journalism.

The words are few and simple, but what a power there is in them to lift our thoughts from the glowing present and bear them far back into the silent and eventful past. At once, as by the wand of some mighty enchanter, our great proud city, with its almost million of human of industry its master. man beings, its shops of industry, its marts of trade, its maneions of luxury, its walks of fashion, its hotels of grandour, its temples of art, its halls of learning, its fance of worship, its palatis structures reared for the prosecution of that art preservative of all arts, this mighty city, I say, is made to vanish away

#### " Like the baseless fabric of a vision,"

and lo! we find ourselves standing, as spectators of the olden time, before a little quiet, rustic village, which, with careless case and indepen-dence, has nestled itself among the hills and creeks that overlook the placed Delaware.
In that little, quiet village, with its sober and

quaintly-dressed inhabitants-our Philadelphia of the olden time—one hundred and forty seven years ago to-day—this day we celebrate—more than half a century before the thunders of the Revolution that made us a nation of freemen-Andrew Bradford sent forth, with fear and trembling, to eager, curious eyes, the first printed journal ever issued within the limits of Pennsylvania, and the third within these then British Colonies. It was a small, yellow, dingy, half-sheet of foolscap size, and seemed to have a shrinking, frightened look, as if not well over the scare of coming through the rough hands of the printer's devil. It was not a loquacious sheet. It had little to communicate beyond the fact of its own birth and existence, and appeared to be quite as much astonished as any of the in-habitants at finding itself thrust forward as a newspaper pioneer. It was a seven, if not a nine days' wonder, and constituted its projector the great father, if not the grandfather, of Pennsylvania journalism.

In the pride of his heart, Andrew Bradford gave his dingy little bantling the high sounding title of The American Weekly Mercury; but it no more resembled its namesake, the brilliant no more resembled its namesake, the brilliant and winged messenger of the gods, than the empty pockets of Lazarus did the gold heaps of Cresus; and yet, mean and insignificant as it appeared, it was the beginning of a great result—the beginning of a power which has made itself felt to the uttermost ends of the earth; a power which has made the thrones of tyrants tremble; a power before which that of the fabled god was as a breath to a whirtwind. It was the god was as a breath to a whiriwind. It was the first glimmering spark of a glorious conste

Ah! what a thing is futurity! Could we look forward into the future, as back into the past, what strange emotions would semetimes be awakened. Could Andrew Bradford, then and stream of time, for a century and a half, and seen the palatial structures we have reared, on the self-same soil, for the prosecution of his craft—with their beautiful, complicated and crait—with their beautiful, complicated and ponderous machinery—turned by the strong, untiring arm of steam—roaring, rumbling, clattering, and flinging off thousands, and tens of thousands, and millions of printed journals for an eagerly anxious and expectant people—he would have blushed for his puny press, wretched types and miserable sheet; and yet his heart would have availed with prides; the thousands. have swelled with pride at the though that he had been the first in the field, that he was the father and founder of Pennsylvania Journalism, and by this act had made his name immortal !

For years Andrew Bradford stood alone as be only journalist within the limits of Penn sylvania, and then he one day found himself infronted with a formidable rival in that wonderful man whose fame is as broad as civilization and enduring as time; that great practical genius who first shook hands with the light-nings of Heaven and defied the thunders of Jove; that beloved patriot and statesman whom we all delight to honor—Benjamin Franklin.

The progress of early journalism was so slow

sylvania that for many years Bradford and Franklin stood alone as rivals, and even at the end of half a century only three or four papers had an existence, the combined weekly es and contents of which probably o exceed that of a single daily of modern times A history of these journals and those which followed them, would doubtless be interesting to many; but, Mr. President, such is not my purpose here to night; this is not the time and place for such remarks. I rose merely to respond to the toast given, to say a few words as a reminiscence of the olden time, to recall the beginning of a great result; and it now only re-mains for me to add the names of Bradford, Franklin, Sellers, Sower, Miller, Dunlap, Clay-pole and Poulson, and say of them that, as the fathers of Pennsylvania journalism who have done their work and passed away from the scenes of earth, we still hold them in honored remembrance, and pray God to keep their language of our great poet, Whittier

"We turn the pages that they read. Their written words we linger o' But in the sun they cast no shade, No voice is heard, no sign is made No step is on the conscious floor

FALSE CALVES.—The "gay deceiver" who runs he local department of the New Albany (Ind ) Ledger, tells of a new invention of which has a patent, griten up for the purpose of determining whether or no a fady were patent calves. It was a cane with a fine needle in the end of it. As a lady passes, with her beauti ful turned pedal extremities exposed to view by the "tilter," the calves are slightly puretured with the cane. If the lady kicks, the calves are

The full dress of a native lady of Colon

te a hair pin and a garter. The A constable in Kentucky, in publishing some personal property for sale, put up a notice, with the following clause: I will aspone from the Lin 1866 my Jan won lyde rone horse, or so much therof as ma be necesty to eattleft sed gugment."

## ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1867.

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# THE LADY'S FRIEND.

RPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their putrous and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contribu-tors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear success!

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new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of Bast Lynne, " The Chanalogs," &c , &c

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY. By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of " Feld

## NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of 1.

Trust," Ac

#### DORA CASTEL. BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

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to S. Paul's Church, in Dation, to get married, attended by groupsman and trill-small. They all stood up to fire the altar, and the efficiency clergyman, supposing that took coupl a were to be married, requested the gentlemen to join hands with their respective lades, which was cone, and in a very short space of time the four were made two. The situation being fully re-al z d by the latter couple, they could not very well help, and all adjourned to their boarding house quite well pleased with the result of the preacher's mistake.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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#### REMARKS

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Engage : Performer Larr - There are epochs in most men's lives of peculiar action and pein most new a lives of poculiar action and pecu-that eternal needlework, but for which melan liar repose, important events come in crowds at choly madness would surely overtake many de Whoseer has cast an observative retroepection over his past life will be atruck with this remark, and perhaps he will be astonished to find that the whole history of his life is confined to recollections accumulated over a small

Frank.-The British Museum has lately received a series of specimens of the beautif sponge called Venus' flawer-basket (Euplinte) It is more like the work of some see-maker than a congeries or republic of mi-ute, elly-like animals, and the thread of which it is woren is so hard that it will scretch glass

NERGLEWORK .- Poor weeigy sat busy with one time, and at others we forget that existence solate matrons in houses who e commonplace mal than the picturesque dreariness of a moated grange amid the Lincolnshire fens. To the masmore than a purposeless stabbling and sewing of strips of calico; but to lonely womanhood it is the prison flower of the captive, it is the spider of Latitude .- " Birds of Prev

> Cur good min ster has a new-born baby, women folks" want it to be named d all the "Eliza" To this he objects, because there will slways be conundrums made about it—thus "Why is Mr. M. like Satan." Because he is the

#### NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

New Year's Day! Shouldn't you think old Earth would be gray, Getting along so far in years? The children's hearts are glad and gay, So many pleasures fall in their way, And their tears are such transient tears. They are only from one year old to eleven, Not eighteen hundred and sixty-seven.

And that is a difference, indeed.

New Year's Day! A year is a long time to the young, Romance unwritten, poem unsung-What may not chance in a year, they say, With its sweet, vague hopes, its dreams of love And unfeared dangers their truth to prove? A year is a strange and charming thing, What of delight may a year not bring? Each day is a page of life to read.

New Year's Day! Hearts that are older grow grave and say, "So much nearer the end, the end! Something has vanished with every year.
Is it lost? Is it saved? O, sad and dear
Is the ripe harvest o'er which we bend.
Gone the soft tints of its early growing.
But left the fruit of the seed of our sowing-Are we content? or do we regret!

New Year's Day ! Old Time has travelled a long, long way, Since the first dawn in the past obscure, And if sixty years can make man gray And so sadly wise, while they take away Childhood's dreams that seemed so sure What must eighteen sixty seven do With four thousand four years added thereto. Which history gives where the eras met

Five thousand eight hundred seventy one Such days as this have dawned and gone, While old Earth has rolled round on her way, Since Eden lay untouched of sin, And pure and blest man walked therein But think of the vague, dim centuries more, Unknown ages that passed before, With the clow, grand growth of land and sea.

New Year's Day! What must it have been when Earth still lav In dark, cold chaos? or when light First gladdened her at God's command, When great sea-monsters througed the strand, And mammoth creatures strode in sight Of giant mountains, and forests grew Grew, died in silence, and none knew Save God, who decreed in mystery?

New Year's Day! When first it came, was young Earth elated? Egultant in motion, newly created, Rejoicing to take her circling way Among the stars, with her moon devoted, Her pale, fair moon which so calmly floated alike through clouds and through clear blu

But now that long ages have passed by, It's an old, old story to all of these.

eky;

I dream that I hear our good Earth say With smile and sigh, (if such dreams may be!)
Turning once more to great the sun— One by one, ever one by one,
The days come forth from God's hand to me,
And I journey on, I keep my place, My selfenme orbit through boundless space. Which I have travelled for centuries.

Findeth me here as ever before I've passed the Zodiac signs once more, and swept along by the Milky Was, Greeted Orion, warrier old, Who braves for aye horned Tances bold, With Canis Major at his feet, And following him his charger feet, Where the glad Twins hold jubilees.

"New Year's Day ! O, why start I anew on my way Why not pause and let things remain? Is it good that Time brings thus change on

change
To mankind, my children, who with me range My circuit, year and year again " They strive for Fame with a faling crown-

" You Year's Day ! In this land I love no barrie taxes They wound me no more with crief graves, But my sons are sad, my daughters prayo much to think, so much to d ich only God can guide safely through And lis way is often a long, strange way Let me pause, let me rest, one peaceful day-Ages long-ere I start again

New Year's Day! What has been done in the rest how gone My flowers bloomed duly, my trees grew on My metals in veins for the miners lay. gave rich harvests, I drew down rain I guarded my shores from the hostile main, And I took good care the sun should shine o highest and lowest parallel line was true to man, I did my par

New Year's Day Of the twelvemonth past what can man say! One of my sons has achieved success, With lightning wire he has threaded the seas And now the nations may talk when they please. And the thought is almost like a nation's carees, Friendly words, hour by hour, like brothers at

All honor to Field who has overcome. The glory belongs to that one brave Lears

"New Year's Day! It emiles not now as it . miled last rea On that fair city to Maine hearts dear Portland lies low, and grief holds away But a Phornix will rise from the senes gray And a fairer growth bless another year Fire! the dread terror that pitiless rides It laid its fell hand on our 'Ironaldes.

" New Year's Day ! It finds some great souls passed away Some dreams lost, and some still unwor The Penian vision—gold to put down— Maximilian who plays for a crown-And Emms to her Island gone

Life wearies apoleon, pausing for strength, While Bismarck waits what must come at length, And the strong hand's might is realized

"New Year's Day! l'oets have written, singers have sung, Books have come fluttering feet among The eager hands, and from far away A woman with power and voice to thrill Has come to these shores, and hearts stand still To hear Ristori. From Germany Sweet fairy tales are sent over the sea... And Art and Science invent delight.

New Year's Day Finds all these things—will they pass away Ere another year, or greater grow? Oh! I, the Earth, have a heavy care-Millions of men in my arms to bear, With their battles, kingdoms, hopes, joys, woe While I keep my circuit ever the same And smother within my seas of flame From breaking forth with destreying might.

New Year's Day! I would like to stop, I am so old, Let Time stand still, and no more behold The charging seasons take their way. But I must keep on through boundless space, With Mars and Venus run my race, And perchance in thirty-three years or more I may show my children the starry shower Which half of them missed the other night!

New Year's Day There are hearts that may Summons me on. There are hearts t Achieve, which hitherto have failedrongs be righted, some dreams made

true-Some hero-rouls be given auer-Some ships come home that too long have sailed.

And my violets long for the coming Spring, Sweet flowers await their blossoming-I must go on, go on, go on "

New Year's Day Quietly hears what Earth has to say, Though man hears not, and I only dream And now farewell, may the New Year bring All wished-for joys, and no sorrowing.

And grand success to each noble scheme A Happy New Year to the countless host Who love our SATI ZDAY EVENING POST— Farewell, and God bless you every one!

### MY SCHOOLFELLOWS.

BY ISA BLAGDEN

#### PART I.

Sitting quietly in my solitary home, I often amuse myself, like other lonely spinsters, with recollections of my long past youth. Not per-sonal recollections. No: from the beginning to the end, my life has been a gray and uniform one. But in my girlhood I was associated with many blooming and brilliant creatures, and from a peculiar adhesiveness in my nature which has never permitted me to lose sight of them, I have kept in view-myself unseen-the favorites of

ose thoughtless days.
Of myself I will not speak. What could I say that would not be more tedious than a thricetold tale. Suffice it to say, that I was one of a set of school-girls brought together from many foreign countries, whose faces were as various as the countries from which they came, but who were merrier, more individual in character, and more ignorantly innocent, than now-a-days I

think school-girls ever are.

The words, woman's mission and woman's pursuits, were then as unknown as in the days of Ludy Jane Grey; but somehow, as with her, great mental and artistic endowments were de veloped among some of us, in spite of what would be now termed imperfect educational advantages. Lina Rosas was the first of my com-panions who left school, and I will therefore

speak first of her.
Who speaks of a heroine without describing beings; she was more like a bright-eved mouse than anything else; and, strange to say, on her brown temple, partially concealed by her black hair, was a sear, which school tradition at-tributed to the cutting out of a small downy elevation, in shape and color like a mouse. The cruel knife might have eradicated the singular a mouse which pervaded the whole of Lina's and certainly then sought for nothing beyond person. Her large, black eyes were bright, vigitable, timid, like those of a mouse; she had the its innocent galeties and abundant diversions. same softness and roundness of figure, and the same half connettish, half nervous swiftness of motion. Lina was not clever. I think, in fact, she was rather at u-p-l-d, as an overbearing governors once called her, hissing out the letters as she did so; but she was so dainty in her method of doing things, so fanciful in her tastes, and so docile to all who chose to rule her, that she was much beloved, and considered by most of us as the nearest approach to perfection the walls of a school-room had ever held.

Her one gift was her beautiful melodious voice. She sang magnificently; then all the mouse vanished, and she would electrify us some "Lascia ch'io pianga," or imes as she sang, Robert, tol que j'aime." This gift was incon sistent with everything else in her. It turned our heads, but did not effect her. The Muse who poured out those bewitching strains disappeared as soon as the piano was closed, and the little mouse came amongst us again, "grigno-tant" bonbons or nuts, or other forbidden delicacles, like the mere school-girl she was. Another of her faults, besides that of "gourmandiee, " which I have just suggested, was an extreme love of dress. She was fabulously neat in her own little person, in the arrangement of the soft, black hair, which was smoothed down in two pencilled arches on her broad projecting shoes. And the bright black eves would detect in a moment either a solecism or a success in the toilette of another

Lina was an only daughter-her father was an Austrian merchant. She inherited her dark hair and eyes from him, but her small person and delicate features were like her mother's Mrs. Roess was an Englishwoman. Her father doted on her as a charming plaything, her mother worshipped her as an idol.

Are you glad you are going home for good. " said some of us the day before the vaca-

Very glad to go home, but very sorry to leave you all." she nestled closer to me as she spoke. I was her favorite, though she was so little demonstrative, that it was only by a little ressure of the hand occasionally, a look now and then, and a few words once or twice spoken of me to others, that the fact became known

"How happy Lina is," said one girl, with an envious accent in her voice.

"She has no brother," said a poor brotherridden victim.

"She is an only child."

She is so rich.

"And she is so beloved, she is everybody's

favorite. "How I envy you, Lina; and you will be sure

Some beautiful young man, who will turn out some great person, and her life will be like a story-book,—a country house, and diamonds, and Sunday-schools and poor people, and a court-drees and beautiful children." So spake all the school girls, each according

to her nature.
"I intend to come and see you all as often as Madame will allow me, and tell you how happy

#### Madame was our schoolmistress.

We all gave her presents when she left. Mine was not a very pretty one, but I was too poor to afford much. It was a gray lave brooch, with a afford much. It was a gray lava brooch, with a head out in it representing that most mournful image of resignation, miscalled Hope, by Guido. Lina kept her word, and came to see us very often. She was especially kind and good-natured to me, and would often come during the dreary holidays, which I always spent at school, to cheer me up as she called it, and sometimes would ask me to accompany her home.

Her home was in an unfashionable part of London, but it was a most comfortable and luxunious one. Her father spared no expense in adorning the casket which held his treasure, and the mother's refined elegance subdued the crudeness and barbaric splendor of his taste, and made the house complete and charming like an ideal home. But one peculiarity there was in it, which whenever I have since noticed it, his made me doubt the happiness of the home in which I have admired it, a most unusual amount of needlework. Mrs. Rosas and Lina were in keeping with it, but not its master. Mr. Rosas was a coarse, heavy-looking, bandseme man. He could have crushed his daughter between his finger and thumb, and his very ca-resses were rough and perilous to Lina. He reases were rough and perilous to Lina. He used to lift her up to kiss her, and put her down with a jerk which would ruffle all her prettinesess of dress and ribbons, and make her look more nearly cross than I had ever seen her. Then he would bring home to dinner rough well-to-do men, like himself, who would eat, and drink, and emoke, and pay heavy German compliments to Lina and ask her to sing. man compliments to Lina, and ask her to sing to them, and then would enore in the middle of

her choicest songs.

But for these trifling checks I could see that

Lina was perfectly happy.

When I spent a few days with her I shared her bed-room; it was a charming room, all rose-colored chintz and snowy draperies. I can see Lina now, as she stood sometimes after she had taken off her evening dress (which was always most carefully smoothed out and folded before she put it by), running over some song which we had just heard at the Opera, with a truth and a power which would very much have surprised the prima donna she was imitating; or poised on one leg, with outstretched hands she would spring, and dance, and whirl like a ballerina; or curved backwards, flit about like Cerito in the shadow dance—as fair a creature as her prototype—and look like an Undine made of foam, or dew, or fire. Oh, what happy nights they were! But these little exhibitions were for me alone, unless Mrs. Rosas would enter, as she did sometimes, and unheard and unseen become a

witness of them too; but she soon put an end to them, and would see us both safely into bed and the light put out, before she left the room. But, plastic as she was to all outward impressions, Lina was singularly reserved in the ex-pression of her own feelings. I, of course, in my own heart, had made her the heroine of unnumbered love-stories, and with the passionate admiration of girlish friendship, felt sure that every man who saw her must be consumed by his adoration for her; but she had never made me a single confidence. I saw that she was much sought after, but she as yet distinguished no one. She and her mother were so happy in each other's love, so wrapped up in each other, that seither of them at this time had a thought beyond these household delights; and Lina enmark, but it could not alter the resemblance to joyed to the utmost her balls, plays, and operas,

> Sometimes she would say to me, "How I wish, usan," that was my unromantic name, "that I could do something to show mamma how I love She gives me so much, and I can do no thing for her. I feel as if, after all, I was but a selfish creature."

> Once, as she spoke thus, Mrs. Rosas heard her, and so did her father. The former looked up with her tender smile at her daughter, and answered her,
> "When we are old, dear, then it will be your

tura to take care of us; but now you must let us take care of you."

"Unless she is married to some Don Whisker-andos, who will spirit her off to America, or India, or Egypt."

"Oh, papa, I will never leave mamma."
"Tut, tut, all girls say so, and it is very pretty to hear it; but it is not true, and would be very unnatural if it were true. No, Linchen mine, you will be married, I hope, long before I have made up my mind to be old and taken care of; and you will leave us, just as all daugh-

ters leave their parents."

Whenever Mr. Rosas spoke on any subject which was near his heart, his usuall roomm place voice took a foreign tone, which was very peculiar and not an agreeable one. He spoke like a Jew, with a thick nasal utterance, hich gave a most repulsive expression to what he said-something cynically mocking, and yet deceitful

Mrs. Rosas fixed her eyes upon him, and turned pale. Lina paused one moment, then went on in her careless laughing way.

"I did not say I would never marry, but I could not go far away. I shall marry some one who would live in London, or England at least." Mr. Rosas frowned. "Tell us something more

about your intended, Lina. Of course he is to be very handsome, very clever, a great singer, very young, not rich—that with young ladies of no consequence—but noble and high-born!" It seemed, as Mr. Rosas thus ran through the

qualities which were necessary for Lina's that he was evoking some one in his min! who possessed none of them, but whom he had, nevertheless, selected as his son-in-law. He always appeared to me like a cat playing with a mouse, when he jested on certain subje Lina. He seemed to be playing, and joking,

and touching her with velvety softness; but there was always some sudden suggestion of the claw beneath; and though no apparent bonds limited her freedom, it was evident that the least of the description of the heard Norbrecht in a most insolent tone insisting of the description of the heard Norbrecht in a most insolent tone insisting of the description of the excitement and gayety of Oakthorpe, and took ing on something which Mr. Rosas opposed. advance beyond a certain point would peremptorily checked.

"No," said Lina, musing, "I do not care so much about those things. I should choose some one to whom I could be a great comfort, or who suffered from some unhappiness, which I could lighten by sharing it with him."

"So be it," said Mr. Rosas, making a gri-mace; "only do not ask me to sanction your throwing yourself away. I swear to you, Lina," and he elepched his hand and struck the table and he elepched his hand and struck the table with it with an energy which startled us all "that no consent of mine will be given to any romantic sacrifice of that kind. You had better dispense with my permission if these are your intentions; for as surely as my name is Rosas I would refuse it, and curse you if you disobey-

Nothing more was said at the time. I soon afterwards returned to school, loaded with presents from Line and her mother, and with a pressing invitation to spend the summer holidays

Lina wrote to me often. Just before Easter she was going into the country to spend a month with a young married relative, a Mrs. Bolfour, who had a pleasant country-house in one of the midland counties. She was to take her maid, a middle-aged woman, who had been with her from her birth and who always accompanied her on such occasions. Mrs. Rosas could never leave London on her husband's account; but when Summers was with Lina, Mrs. Rosas felt that she was as well cared for as by herself.

Lina wrote to me from Oakthorpe, and her first letters were cheery brief notelets, such as she habitually wrote. She had a most telegra-mic style. Her letters were a pithy summary of facts, without comment, and almost without per-sonality. No human being was ever more reticent than Line about her own impressions. She was timidly reserved to every one but to her mother and to me, and even we rather guessed at her feelings on different subjects than knew them positively from her own avowal. She was thoroughly truthful, but not frank. I prefer that kind of character myself. Very frank persons have often deceived me. They so volubly utter their most evanescent impressions, that one is at a less to discover which is to be relied upon as the abiding one. After a few weeks Lina's letters were briefer and more abrupt, as if writ-ten in haste, and then I did not hear from her again during ber visit.

again during her visit.

Soon after her return from Oakthorpe she came to see me. I was called down to the sitting-room to see her. After a warm embrace I looked at her. I never had seen her look so pretty or so excited.

What is the matter, Lina ?"

Nothing. Why on't I look so ?"

Yes, and yet You dear old thing; full of fancies, as usual But never mind my looks. Do you think Ma-dame would let you come home with me to day? Mamma is not well, and-and we want

Permission was obtained, and I accompanied her. When I saw Mrs. Rosas I was quite alarmed, though she assured me she was not really ill, only a little weak and nervous.

do not know whether I was most shocked at the change in her appearance or at her evident strong wish to hide it from her daughter and from me. She was flushed with fever, and her eyes had a dry haggard look, which told of mental anxiety as well as physical suffering. Every sound startled her, and her hands shook so that she could scarcely hold the book which

she told me that during Lina's absence she had had a bad attack of influenza, and had been so weakened by it that she had sent for Lina, as she really did not know what might have hap-pened had it lasted much longer; but she was now all but entirely recovered. I have rarely seen more tender and loving eyes than the Mrs. Rosas, and when she looked at Lina there was a sweetness in them which was quite pa-

Mr. Rosas came home as usual for dinner. It Mr. Rosss came notice as usual for dinner. It was no less indubitably true, that during the three months which had passed since I had been at their house, each of the members of the family were altered. Lina's thoughts were far away, and she looked prettier but less calmly happy than I had ever seen her. Her mother was a wreck. Mr. Rosas was uder, coarser, redder than ever, and far less and tempered. He seemed impatient with his wife, and looked sternly at Lina.

He had brought a gentleman home with him, and I saw at once that he was brought in the capacity of suitor and intended con in-law. Lina was totally unconscious, but I saw that Mrs. Rosas was aware of it. I thought I had never seen any one look so pale as she did when she joined us at dinner, but she united with her husand in giving the stranger every encourage ment and opportunity to make himself pleasing He was a very disagreeable-looking lie was a Pruseian hough handsome man. He was superior in rank and position, but in-ferior in knowledge of the world to Mr. Rosas. Where Mr. Rosas was cynical and severe, M: Norbrecht was brutal and insulting. He was either so awkward or so shy that at first he could not open his lips, but after a time he be-came so familiar and overbearing that he was

The four letters which spell " lout" were the best designation for him; but he was not an amiable lout. As to Lina, she was so wrapped up in some secret thought, some golden reverie that I think nothing would have disturbed or offended her. She was more affectionate than ever to her mother, though she was evidently unaware how ill the latter was; and, to do her ustice, never did a poor woman make such ar effort to conceal her failing health from all around her as did Mrs. Rosas. Line coaxed and careesed her father, and smiled with adorable unconsciousness on Norbrecht. It seemed as if supshine and roses were her daily portion, and that storms and blight could not touch her I saw at once that she had left the little world of books and girlish play, in which she had s lately dwelt, for an existence in which I had no

One day after dinner (Mr. Norbrecht had dined there as usual) I found I had dropped s hair bracelet which I always wore. I sent down the servant to look for it, and ran down myself as far as the landing-place, on which the dining-room door opened. The servant went in, and

"No, no, man; the time is not come yet. I do not shirk my bond, but I will not anticipate

"But I do not advance one whit. She is like a mermaid. One thinks one is grasping a wo-man, and she slides off like a fish. I sometimes

k you are all in league against me."
Walter Norbrecht," replied Mr. Rosas, with a terrible oath; "e ough of this. On the first of January next, Lina Rosas shall be your wife,

I was a fool to give you such a margin. "That's your affair; but what do you call a margin? Our compact was made on the third of February-you have not given me one whole year to repay you."
The door was shut, and I heard no more.

"I am afraid it is broken, miss; it was under master's foot." I took my poor bracelet. It was crushed and broken; ground down beneath those heavy feet. It could never be worn again. It was made of Lina's hair, and I cried over it as if my heart would break. It seemed like an over the seemed li

I went into my own room, for I was in a per feet paroxysm of fear and agitation. Should I tell Lina? No, I saw at once that was impos sible. I was too great coward to do so. I could as soon have started her with my own hands. Mrs. Rosas? Was it not more than probable that she was already aware of it, and that the fear of such an impending sorrow was the cause of her illness and changed looks? I was bewildered, and when Lina came up to look

for me, it was no excuse to say that my head ached, so that I could not go downstairs again.

The next morning when I went down it was late, and Mr. Rosas had gone to the city. Lina's face was rasiant over a letter she had just received. It was another invitation to Oakthorpe, "Do let me go, mamma-if you are well

mough to spare me. "But you only returned a fortnight ago, Lina.

Your papa."
"Yes, mamma; but you know I came back before my visit was over, because you sent for me; they have put off a great many galeties till could go back. Do let me go.

Mrs. Rosas looked at Lina, and then at me. There was a helpless kind of look in her eyes,

"Then, mamma, I will not go." She spoke agerly, but her face changed as she spoke

"No, my child, you shall go. You shall en joy yourself while you can," she added softly.

'I wish," said Lina, looking wistfully at me "I could take you with me, Susan, to Oak-

"Oh, Lina!" I said, and burst into tears. could not bear to see her so full of other hopes when in a few months such a fearful fate awaited her. I was too inexperienced to dream of the possibility of an escape for her, and I still heard her father's harsh voice swearing that on the first of January she should be Walter Nor brecht's wife.

Lina comforted me, and said I was very foolish to cry because she was going away; she would often write to me, and I must come to them at midsummer.

"Let me speak to your papa about Oak-thorpe," said Mrs. Rosas; "do not you ask his permission. I will do so!"
She did so. Mr. Rosas was very angry at first, but after a long, private interview with his wife, from which she came out as white as a sheet, he convented and it was decided as Line. sheet, he consented, and it was decided as Lina

As soon as it was settled, she ran singing ou of the room to look at what dresses she should take with her. Mrs. Rosas looked after her, and then turned

"Do not think her selfish, Susan; her head is a little turned by Oakthorpe, but she does not love us the less, dear. My poor child! these

are her happy days."
"Mamma," said Lina, ruzning on, "where are the pearls you always lend me to wear with my white silk? I told Summers you would be are to let me take them, but she cannot find my white silk?

them. Don't you keep them any longer in your wardrobe?"

"No; never mind; you will look just as well without them, Lina."

"But where are they?"

"But where are they?"

Mrs. Rosas changed from white to red, and she was as pale as ashes, but she fancied she

from red to white, but was silent.

"How strange," muttered Lina. "I -aw them there yesterday. She left the room. I do not had taken all her money, but none of her clothes had taken all her money, but none of her clothes know why, but I connected the disappearance of those pearls with the permission granted to Lina to go to Oakthorpe. I felt I turned scarlet as the idea entered my mind, and, to add to my confusion, when I looked up I saw Mrs. Rosas was observing me keenly. She came up to me and took my hand.

"Will you promise me, Susan, that if any thing happens to me, or to her father, or if she were married and not happy in her marriage, -will you not?" you will take care of her. was a strange promise to exact from one so young as I was, but Mrs. Rosas knew that next to herself no one loved Lina so much as I

I returned to school. Midsummer came and went, but I never saw either Mrs. Rosas or Line Lina had returned from Oakthorpe. So far l knew. She had been ill, was ordered to the sea side, and so ended my midsummer dream. She wrote seldom. Her letters, always brief, were briefer than ever. At last they ceased altogether. My heart began to fail. Had Lina become alienated from her school-friend? About the beginning of November, to my great surprise, I re ceived a scrawled note from Mrs. Rosas herself

begging me to go to her. obtained permission, and went.

At the door I was told to go up-stairs to be ed-room. She was ill in hed.
I had asked for Lina as I entered the hall, but had received no answer from the scared servant. When I entered her room, Mrs. Rosas almost eprang from the bed.

Has she written to you, Susan ""

"Line!"

Where is she? Lina! "Oh, my God! my heart will break! Lost-

"Do tell me," I entreated, in agitation almost

aqual to her own. "I will tell you," she said, at last, as soon as her sobs allowed her to speak.

"Line returned from Oakthorpe much as usual,

excitement and gavety of Oakthorpe, and took no notice of it. What struck me, however, as most singular was, that she would not go to see you. When I proposed it, she said she would not disturb you. About a fortnight afterwards she had what the doctors called a nervous fever. She was very ill, and nothing seemed to do he good. Again I offered to send for you. 'No, she said; 'it was too bad always to send for you when we were ill. No. You were to come at midsummer.' Wher, midsummer came we went to Bognor, and though I told her it would be a pleasant change for you, she would not hear of it. She said it would be no holiday for you to be shut up in a sick room, attending to the caprices of a sick person. I accompanied her to Bognor, but could only remain a few day with her, for my husband could not leave town, and I could not leave him alone. Summers

stayed with her. About a fortnight ago her father said he was afraid of the cold, and want-ed her home before the winter set in." Here Mrs. Rosas paused, and caught her breath, and went on in a different voice.

"There has been a great pressure lately in the commercial world, Susan, and we have been great sufferers. We have made great sacrifices. All my private property, all my jewels, have been given up. I have only kepta few diamonds and my marriage settlement. In case of the worst, Lina will not starve. Early in the year Mr. Rosas was absolutely driven to the wall, and could not have met his engagements, but for the timely aid of Mr. Norbrecht. His assistance was given on the express stipulation that if we could not retrieve our lost fortunes he should consider that sum his wedding present to Lina."

Mrs. Rosss always spoke now in the plural number, "We," as if, poor woman, she had been an accomplice with her husband in the sacrifice of his daughter, when I knew that if her own life-blood could have saved her, it

would have been freely poured out. "Fortune has been against us," she con-tinued; "and loss has followed loss. I do not mind telling you, Susan, that we see nothing be-fore us but ruin. When Lina returned we tried to interest her in Mr. Norbrecht. He is not atto interest her in Mr. Norbrecht. He is not at-tractive, I know," said the poor woman, with a pathetic attempt at deceiving her listener and herself, "but he is a man of great probity in business and generous to a fault; but Lina never seemed to understand him or us. One morning, nt ten days ago, we were sitting quietly to about ten days ago, we were sitting quietly to-gether, reading the morning papers after break-fast. I must tell you Linz had taken to reading the newspapers latterly, quite a new thing for her, but she had done so for the last few months; when she suddenly threw down the paper, fell from her chair in a dead faint, and when her senses returned, sobbed and screamed, screamed and sobbed, for hours, till I thought she would have died, and I with her. What was this dreadful sorrow? What affliction had befalles my child? I could not find out what was the matter with her; but that day she could not leave her room. Her father was not anxious about it. 'Womanish hysterics,' he said; 'she will be better when she is married.' I was bewill be better when she is married. I was be-wildered. The next day she came down as usual, but looked like a ghost. Three days after-wards her father told her that Mr. Norbrecht had proposed and been scoepted by us. He told her the fatal bond which bound us to him; had her the fatal bond which bound us to him; had he not done so, it might have been better. As it was—as it was—" Again Mrs. Rosas gasped for breath. "Lina did not say a word, but listened to him. I saw the veins in her forehead tighten, and the pulses in her throat throb, as she turned white and then red, and looked round and round, as if for escape. At last she gave a kind of groan and left the room. I wanted to go after her, but my husband would not permit it. 'She will come to her senses by herself,' he said. 'Wait two or three hours, and then you shall go to her. She will be reason-able then.' I waited; at the end of that time I went up stairs. The house was as silent as a tomb. I went to her room. It was empty. I called. No one answered me. I went to my own room. She was not there. I went upstairs and searched for Summers; she was gone too. From that day to this—it was now a week -I have seen neither of them. I was told that Lina had rung her bell for Summers directly she had gone to her own room that morning and that, after some minutes, Summers went up-stairs, put on her bonnet, and that then they both went out. Lina often went out shopping with Summers, and therefore no one had par-

Had she gone alone I must have been dead by this time; but I cling to the idea that as Sum mers is with her she is, somehow, eafe.

The poor mother wrung her hands. "And her father " I asked.

or trinkets except the brooch you gave her

ticularly noticed it. The housemaid, who had

"My husband has been like a madman!" and at the bare thought, Mrs. Rosas trembled like a leaf. "Sometimes he thinks it is my fault. blame, while I-She rocked herself to and fro, and could not

utter all her fears.

"Have you written to Oakthorpe?"
"Yes; but Mrs. Balfour was not there. I have written to Bognor, but she has not been heard of at the house we occupied. My husband will not make any inquiries that are likely to make the thing public. He will not be shamed "And Mr. Norbrecht !"

"He swears that if Lina is not his wife by the let of January, Mr. Rosas must refund his debt,

What? "I scarcely anow what it is, but it seems we are in is power, and he may convict us as criminal—God knows how !—as fraudulent bank-

The poor woman looked so hopelessly con fused and agitated, that I would ask no more questions. I told her that if I heard from Lina would come to her at once, but feared Lina

I would not stop to dine, but hastened hor I was miserable. It was so startling to turn from my sunny dreams about Lina's future to these fearful realities. How could I conjecture what had become of her? I, whose world was circumscribed by schooldays and holidays, who

### HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was bright, glorious summertide again at Armytage. The golden sunshine looked boildly and saucily into the hearts of the gay blossoms that lay spread out like a gorgeous page of il-lumination below the house; it frolicked like a sportive kitten upon the grassy lawn; anon lying at full length on the greensward, then darting amongst the waving branches of the tall shrubs which bordered it, or playing at hide and seek which bordered it, or playing at hide and seek behind them. Then it crept slity up the stone steps upon which Olive sat at work, and dazzled her eyes so that she was fain to lay aside her needle, and to sit, lapped in lazy dreams, looking over the fair summer-world before her, whilst over the fair summer-world before her, whilst the sunshine erept onwards, winking at the solemn, bearded lions, and flirting with the grave, dark cedar-trees, peeping under the brim of Cisay Holmby's straw hat, and laughing like a wicked elf amongst the tawny shades of Mr. Julius's careless locks, creeping onwards across the terrace until it sprang with a sudden flash upon the grey stone walls, warming and brightening them into life, and sparkling from window to window, until the hoary old hall smiled in the rosy beams just as a venerable greybeard warms and smiles just as a venerable greybeard warms and smiles at the loving play of mery, light. and smiles at the loving play of merry, light

Presently out of the shadow of the inner house, through the open library window, there flitted a brilliant butterfly into the sunshinein other words, Hilda Conrov sailed across the terrace, nodding benignly towards the pair terrace, nodeing benignly towards the pair of lovers, whose preoccupation she barely dis-turbed, and settling her spreading summer dra-peries upon the steps at Olive's side. "Well, I have found you at last," she ex-

claimed, taking off her headgear and fanning herself with it. "I have been all through the herself with it. "I have been all through the house searching for you—everywhere, that is, but to Miss Armytage's private apartments, in which I was told she was engaged. A certain instinct of respect—to which I beg to call your attention, since it is the only grain of the commodity which enters into my composition—prevented my intruding upon her."
"Aunt I rauls will feel flattered," Olive re-

marked. "She ought," Hilds replied complacently.
"It's a curious thing, but the less people sim at gaining one's respect, the more they succeed in getting it. Now, there's Lady Arthur. She has been trying the whole of this long morning to prove her title to my unqualified respect and reverence, and yet she has not been able to make me see it." And an expression of intense weariness and annoyance overspread Miss Hilda's fine features.

"If you could imagine," she went on, "what a morning I have had! No wonder I feel like a bird out of a cage at this moment. She has been in a ghostlike, retrospective mood—if you know what that means—flitting about the graves of her youth and her beauty. Then she has been, also, in a parenthetical mood, with a spice of charity in it, trying to take me down several pegs and to do me good. And I don't feel any the better for her exertions—considerably worse, rather," concluded the young lady, fanning her eelf more violently than before.
"How is Lady Arthur to-day?" Olive asked.

"Well, I believe she is not so well; and that perhaps accounts for—for—things," Hilda re-blied. "Her cough is very troublesome. Dr. Greaves saw her again yesterday. He says she must be kept very quiet. 'Good gracious, doc-tor!' I said, 'that's exactly what I want her to

tor l' I said, 'that's exactly what I want her to do-keep quiet—but she won't.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh, only repeated—in that solemn, senseless way of his—'She must be kept quiet. I will not answer for the consequences if she is not kept perfectly quiet.' As it," Hilda went on, exciting herself considerably on the question—"as if her being quiet were not the fervent desire and aspiration of every one of us!" sire and aspiration of every one of us !

"Aunt Uraula intends to drive over to Hazel-rigg presently," Olive said.
"I earnestly hope she will; and I will stay here until she comes back. She will divert the current of my lady's ideas, which just now run

"Yes, you. She saw the news in the paper, and that roused all her most amiable instincts. And that reminds me I have not congratulated

you yet."
"Upon what?" "Very nicely done indeed," Hilds remarked, smoothing out her seagreen skirt; "nobody but me would have detected that it was sham

Hilds connect his return with her, and why should her own thoughts fly at once to him? It was a sort of vexed and guity consciousness which dyed her cheek as Hilda spoke. And not a shade of this embarrassment was lost upon the quick sighted young lady.

"I never ask for people's secrets," she said. "but it seems to me that this, which has been in everybody's mouth so long, is hardly secret enough for any refinements of delicate circumenough for any remements or the control of the locution. I thought my friendship deserved something like confidence." And Hilds pouted in the most natural way after this lofty speech. But her little airs of offence were lost Olive, upon whom a light, and not a pleasant

had suddenly dawned. What is in everybody's mouth?" she demanded, sitting bolt upright upon the stone steps, and letting the sun stare her out of coun-

tenance if it liked.

In detailing this scene afterwards, Hilda de-clared that the "little creature's aspect was so fierce, it frightened her horribly." At all events, she held her hat between herself and Olive as a cost of rectarities and order of the preference sort of protection, and cried out with a pretence of terror

Don't, please -don't look so savage! It's not my fault. Theodosia Thynne said it was al settled down at Arlingford last Christman Everybody believes it. And seeing the Gover nor's appointment in the Times yesterday, I concluded that that was what you had been well

Who is governor? and of what?" "Why, Colonel St. Maur," Hilda explained, dropping her defence as she began to perceive that she was really giving information. "He she was really giving information. three chivairio novels of Walter South could teach.

(CONCLUDED NELL WEEK)

A woman named Virtue Innocent has been appointed governor of that place at the other side of the world—that topsy-turvy and waylay him when he goes out; and I had where 'honest merit,' etc., and Irish impudence legislate for the rest. And seeing that is been fined in Loudon, for using unjust weights.

The ribbons in my frighten him horrity. I the ribbons in my has been appointed governor of that place at the other side of the world—that topsy-turvy and waylay him when he goes out; and I had been appointed governor of that place at the other side of the world—that topsy-turvy and waylay him when he goes out; and I had been appointed governor of that place at the other side of the world—that topsy-turvy and waylay him when he goes out; and I had been appointed governor of that place at the other side of the world—that topsy-turvy and waylay him when he comes, and waylay him when he goes out; and I had was the duke's appointment, I never imagined the satisfaction of making his life a burden to

but that it had a meaning. Lady Arthur is quite jealous. She says the duke might have given it to Gerald instead.

Olive did not speak, but her flashing eyes, inquisitorially bent upon Hilda, demanded as plainly as words... "Speak plainly."
Thus brought imperatively to book, Hilda dashed it out boldly:...

" Lady Arthur talked of it as certain. Everybody considers it a settled thing, I assure you, that you intend to marry Colonel St. Maur." Will you be kind enough to tell Lady Ar-

thur that you have my unqualified contradiction to that report?" This was said with a sort of cold calm which

ought to have been very impressive.
"Then it is not true after all ?" sighed the incorrigible Hilds. "And I have be corrigible Hilds. "And I have been drawing the most comical pictures of you, the governor's lady, sitting under a gum tree in state, receiving the aborigines—in blankets. And it's not true?" with a provoking air of making sure over again. "Oh doar me! I would not for worlds tell Lady Arthur. I had twelve hours of the subject yes-terday, and I am not strong enough for a second series just yet."

Olive rose precipitately to her feet, and walked into the house. Hilda followed at her leisure, and Clisay, blushing shylv, joined her on the terrace. They found Miss Ursula and Olive in the hall, the former prepared for her drive, the latter talking with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

ing eyes.

She had expected this, and yet now that it had come she was surprised and indignant. She would have it contradicted to Lady Arthur—to Lady Arthur of all people. And because her conscience was too direct for self-deception, she was not long in bringing home to herself why Gerald was coming home. This news would meet him at once. She instinctively recognized that his mother would be pleased to tell it to him. And him. And-

And yet what was it to him? No matter what it was to him, she could not No matter what it was to him, she could not, would not have it so. And she sent Miss Ursula with the most positive denial to Lady Arthur, and she turned back to the garden again with an opening vista of thought for her leisure—thought that was like an uneasy, aching pain which we have not yet probed to its source.

Hilda, perfectly unimpressed by any mischief she might have done, talked on, and by degrees Olive calmed down and found herself listening.

ing.

Ask me to come and spend a long day here,

Christian charit. "Ask me to come and spend a long day here," she entreated, "if you have any Christian charity belonging to you. Get me away for one day, or I shall—I shall do something wicked, I know I shall. Mademoiselle had a friend whose fate she was continually weeping over and deploring because she was married to a man of uncongenial tastes, and they lived in a lighthouse. (I saw her carte de wisite—she had false hair and wore spectacles.) The contemplation of this ploture of life neel to give me little cold shivers all down my back, and mademoiselle was charmed with the sympathy I exhibited for her hapless friend. But I declare to you, for the last fortnight I have felt as if the lighthouse would have been a relief."

Olive could not help laughing.
"When will you come?" she said. "I am sure Aunt Ursula will be very glad to see you at any time. But how can you leave Lady Arthur? Shall I offer to go over and stay with her whilst you are away?"

"Oh, dear, no! You wouldn't like it—she is

"Oh, dear, no! You wouldn't like it she is dangerous just now. Besides, I am coming to see you. Miss Holmby is a sweet little thing, but then she is in love, and rather slow at any time. I want to refresh my spirits, and I should be for ever ruined in that dear, good Miss Armytage's opinion if I let them loose upon her. As for you, you know the worst of me already.

O the blessing of a friend who does! I generally commence my friendships by showing all the bad shat is in me; afterwards, if the friend-skip survives the test, I can go on comfortably. Don't you think it is a good plan?"

"It saves after-disappointment, at all events," Olive said. Exactly, and sets one at one's case. There is nothing on earth so wretched as trying to act up to other people's good opinion of one. Have you not met with unhappy individuals whose friends have endowed them with certain quali-Vesterday our had your ties which they are endeavoring all the time to represent, with a result sufficiently uncomfortable to themselves and unsatisfactory to the world? I have one before me at this moment. No-not there," she hastened to explain, as Olive looked round in genuine surprise at Mr. Julius, upon whom Hilda's eyes had happened to rest, where he stood lengthening out his lingering adleux beneath the cedar-trees on the terrace Olive's heart gave a quick throb. Had Gerald | quite pretty to see their genuine, innocent love come back? Surely not. This was only June, making"—this with that superior, elderly air of and by the latest accounts he was only to be wisdom which so distinguished Hilda. "The looked for in August. And, besides, why should specimen I was speaking of is Mr. Howard, the curate of Hazelrigge. Lidy Dancombe calls him 'a saintly young man,' and he knows it and believes it. Lidy 'Arthur has taken to him of late; he holds weekly sittings with her; she says he edities her, and she is always holding up hands at the stubbornness and hardness, and graceleseness of young people in general, and edify me I cannot get over the impression that he is talking between inverted commas. I don't believe he has anything of his own to say. walks in a devotional curve-so-and he shuts

walks in a devotional curve—so—and ne saus-his eyes when I speak to him—so," dropping her long, dark lashes upon her clear cheek; "and that I do not consider fair; you have no play upon a man with his eyes shut, now, have "Perhaps that is why he shuts them," Olive suggested. "What do you say to him to make such an extreme measure necessary?"

"Ob, I pick out my smallest jokes, and pelt him with them like pebbles; and I Auc at-tempted spiritual riddles and theological discussions; yes, really, you need not look solemn or incredulous either. I asked him, quite seriously, whether he thought Bath's conduct in courting Boar was intended as a warning or an en

"And what did he say?"

"Shot his eyes; so there was an end of that apportunity for edification. He is afraid I want to marry him, and he thinks it wouldn't be for his soul's good that I should, so he comes to the house with a deprecatory air, and a sort of moral 'hands off' manner about him, that stimulates me more than I can express. I frighten him horribly. I tie ribbons in my

Ob. Hilds-" Olive was beginning. lair. "I know every word you are going to say. You are going to tell me that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and so I ought, you are going to hint that my conduct is very outemi-nine, and very improper, and that you wonder at me. Now consider that all that is early our duty done. I respect you very much for saving it, but what am I to do? Satan finds some mischief still, you know, and I have no thing on earth to do—but mischief, and Lady Arthur talks to the until I go mad, and then I must either heat my maid, or lease Mr. Howard, and Ellen is a good girl, and I do not want do her an injury, so I chones the parson. But I did not tell you what happened yesterday. Lady Arthur and he were discussing in the most Christian and edifying manner possible Mose Leda Duncombe's attachman, or rather supposed attachment, to young Mr. Courtenay, and discovery and the control of the courter of the courte Lady Arthur concluded, with supreme delicacy, that the young nan was not at all anxious about

Ghost,' or any other reliabing tile appear in print to morrow, and they will all read it—every one of them! It reminds up of the ald natured one of them! It reminds up of the ald natured days, when name used to take our peaches away from us—Gwendoline's and indice—when we came up from dessurt, telling us they were not good for us at night, and then cat them he said as soon as we were safe in bed. How my little heart used to rage and swell! Well, lend me something to read, there's a dear creature!—something to read, there's a dear creature!—something in three volunce—and I will promise you to lock myself in my own room, and to let Mr. Howard come and go in peace to morrow."

Olive led the way to the library shelver, where Hilds rumm seed amongst the light literature until she found half a dozen promising look—the light literature until she found half a dozen promising look—the light literature until she found half a dozen promising look—the light literature until she found half a dozen promising look—the light literature until she found half a dozen promising look—the light literature until she found half a dozen promising look—the light literature until she found half and disguised himself in some measure, having shaved off liks whiskers, and had his hair cut close, and altered the style of his whiskers, and had his hair cut close, and altered the style of his whiskers, and had his hair cut close, and altered the style of his disguise wend all an ignorant man's belief in the infall billity of the police, and half had alian ignorant man's belief in the infall billity of the police, and half she whiskers, and had his hair cut close, and altered the style of his whiskers, and had his hair cut close, and altered the style of his whiskers, and had half she whiskers, and had half she whiskers, and had half she cope, and altered the style of his whiskers, and had half she cane the close, and altered the style of head all an ignorant man's belief in the light literature.

I was a soon as we were safe in head in his pop

ture until she found haif a dozen promising look ing volumes, which she prepared to carry off in triamph

"Five o'clock," she said, looking at her Heigho! I wonder what sort of an evening I shall have? Lady Arthur goes to bed early—that is one comfort. She will give me over again her interview with your adult, and the exhortations she has thought it her duty to im-prove the eccasion with. I did not tell you that her religious experience has reached the stage which entities her to judge the religion of others. You are 'a Pharisee,' Miss Armytage is 'luke warm, and I, of course, am 'atterly reprobate.' Well, good bye. When is Claris coming back? I hear that she is very gay in town. Next.
week? Then I can come and spend my long
day with you, and Claris can come over to
Handling. Handrigge.

last words were uttered as she stepped into Lady Arthur's little pony carriage at the door. Looking back, with the reins gathered up in her hands, to where Clive stoof, just with out the portion, shading her eves with her hand whilet the summer breeze rustled her light gar ments about her, Hilda delayed her starring

"And it is really not true "

What !

"About the governor's lady I am quite dis pointed. Good hve?"

And she drove off with this parting shot.

Poor Lady Arthur." sighed Olive, as she at back to gather up her scattered work ma terials from the steps upon which the sun was shining too hotly to make it any longer a pleacant resting place-" poor Lady Arthur

It was easy to see, through Hilda's wild talk, fretted and worried as the girl evidently was, a duful enough picture of Lady Arthur's state only and her nieces away from Arlingford in the had settled permanently upon her lungs, in con equence, her mail declared, of her own impaher room and the house through the long spel of easterly wind which delayed the spring ; the doctors not to commit themselves to any positive opinion on her case. One would only deliver himself of the verdict that she required great care; another opined that, if the cough could not be subdued, her strength would be seriously impaired; and a third could see no etate) she should not ultimately recover.

All these vague statements were made to Lady looked askance at the awful shadow outlined before her night and day, growing every mouth more and more distinct—more and present with her; and whilst her cheeks Sushed with fever's heetle, and her breath learned to come in gasps, and her form wasted, she soulded her maid and becured Hilds, and caught poor creature! at frai reeds of so called re-gious help, and armed berself with them as rewith to beat all about her, until she drave Hida-whose faith was strongest at any time—to the very verge of in-fidelity, if not beyond it.

"Lady Arthur has lived too late," sollloquized that irritated young lady on retiring to her room one of her aunt's most violent crusades What a persecutor she would have made She ought to have belonged to the Spanish in on, or to have been a lady abbees of the sub-bricking up-alive days. She is quite lost in latitudinarian times; there is

THE RECONTINUED !

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XLIII A WHOSTLY PRESTOR

Garney Brackenridge fleeing from the conse the young nan was not at all anxious about quences of the deed he had done, made the best of his way to London, and lay in hiding there in a low water side tavern on the Surrey side of the river. He had not intended, in the first in-stance, to stay there more than a few days, but "If Miss Leds intends to marry him, she
"If I a woman has set her
heart on marrying a man she will do it, and itse
heart on marrying a man she will do it, and itse
himself into a room, she will marry him through
the keyhole." And i fixed my eyes full upon Mr.
Howard as I said is. He shivered, shuddered,
and collapsed! And he went off as coon as
Lady Arthur had come to the end of her sentence."

"Hidds how we you?" (the protested.
"Oh, of course, how can I?" | peevishly | "I
have told you that this is the only amosement
in my way. We used to get hooks from the
Estwick library, but Lady Arthur has stopped
all but religious publications, and, saing the
effect of those upon her, I am intendly arised to
read them. The most sensational sensation
novel that ever was printed couldn't be more
senting. What an intense amount of humbug
there is in the world, to be sure! To less
mamma and all the mothers I know rall against
the 'recastional tone of the day,' and thes let a
'Higamist's Falseinend,' or a 'Minor Humse
Ghost,' or any other reliables the subdinaries'
have dot in the morrow, and they will all read it every
one of them I i remind me of the side marrey
days, when nurse used to take out peaches away
to see the first instate. It is also done to the head of her sening the protected of the sail of the side in the hind marrey
have told every not of the deal', and then let a
'Higamist's Falseinend,' or a 'Minor Humse
Ghost,' or any other reliables the subdinaries'
have the country, and they side and marrey
one of them I i remind me of the side marrey
days, when nurse used to take our peaches away
to see the side of the side in the hind arrey one of them I i remind me of the side marrey
days, when nurse used to take our peaches away
there is not the sounce of the side of the

> He was not without funds, having brought away he had by him at the time, a hundred and twenty pounds belonging to Mrs. Winch, which had been intrusted to his hands on the prereding day, for the purpose of being deposited by him in the county bank at Electringham; and e knew from the evidence as given in the news aper, that a charge of abscording with this noney had been brought against him by the inignant widow, and that he was "wanted" by Justice to snawer for a double crime. Some-times he thought that had it not been for that cursed money, which he had put into his pocket on the impulse of the moment when coming away, he would have gone back, and have given himself up, and have borne the brunt of what-ever charge might have been brought against him. That Jerry Winch owed his death to him, he could not disprove; but no one but himself knew the real reason why the chloroform had been administered; and it would not be difficult to trump up some plausible story to account for having made use of it, which, if credited by a ury, would soften Jerry's premature death from

mprisonment would explate in full.

It may, however, be doubted, whether, in any because, even then, he would have had to piece together some story that would bear cross-ex-amination, to account for Jerry's death; and he of the question should be be captured, nothing less than a prosecution for felony awaited him. dirty little water side public known as the Three Fights, situated in the heart of a frowsy and dis reputable neighborhood. habit of letting out beds at the Three Fishes their profits being arrived at by a much readier process, but the landlord was one of those men who cared little how he turned a penny, so long can take his tipple without rowing. as he did turn it; and when the chemist, way-worn, dusty, and utterly fagged out, put the question to him five minutes before closing time one night, whether he could be accommodated till morning, he had promptly answered in the affirmative, and had it once turned his sister and two children out of their warm hed in order to accommodate this white faced stranger. And there Brackenridge had stayed. His bedroom his fire, and put on a few articles of dress, and accommodation was of the poore-t; his meals were served up in a style very different from Arthur's friends; for herself, the never asked what he had been accisioned to at home; and for any opinion—there was a certain terrible be was waited on by a rance, elatternly girl. what he had been accistomed to at the state of the was waited on by a rancy, elatternly girl, troubled with bad dressus; and after this last a day; besides which, both house and reighbor- the state of the state of the state of the would turn day into night in future, and go design the dark hours. He one day after another; every atom of that seething mass of humanity by which he was sur-rounded was too inject on its own bitter strug gle for the needful daily crust, or too absorbed the erjayment of its own fierce pleasures, to heed him in any way, and he almost felt that he was safe. "Rapecting some relation from the East Indies are you?" said the landlord conglay, in reply to some numbled explanation from of his long stay at the Three Fisher. "That's all right enough, I daresay; but you may as well understand Bob Jervis once for all. So long as a man pays his way like a man, and ain't stuck up, I axes no ques-bons. Whether a cove's on the rquare, or mr own shadow next tions. Whether a cove's on the rquare, or whether he's under a cloud, don't matter a penn'orth to me."

Brackenridge began to find his life intolerably

But I sent him home yesterday in a cold spiration."

Oh, Hillda—"Olive was beginning.

Now don't," interrupted that lively young the "I know every word you are going to behand of uyesif, and so I ought to shamed of uyesif, and so I ought to shamed of uyesif, and so I ought to shamed of uyesif, and so I ought would give strength. Claris tended her in the most culful was making occasional visite in. Now consider that all that is said, and no word word and laste now settled, and leaving Hilda at over to Armytage Hall often enough to save ing it, but what am I to do? 'Statan finds at mischief still,' you know, and I have no going on earth to do—but mischief, and Lady

Hillda from desperation, and took her share, and coincide dinner was brought up; but when that so over that string of strange of clock dinner was brought up; but when that wo over, he had no resource left but to smoke thur's stocknown cares; unit as the nomen and to come out thur's stocknown cares; unit as the nomen are to come out the rempth of the Three on, the nounce had no resource left but to smoke dinner was brought up; but when that story so over, he had no resource left but to smoke thur's stocknown cares; unit as the nomen were to make last him till his one-clock dinner was brought up; but when that thur's stocknown cares; unit as the nomen were on the large own, the had no resource left but to smoke dinner was brought up; but when that the series of the Three which had ended by landing him, a skulcin stock dinner was brought up; but when that the series of the Three which had ended by landing him, a skulcin stock dinner was brought up; but when that the series of the Three which had ended by landing him, a skulcin stock dinner was brought up; but when that the series of the Three which had leeven on the sulful series of the Three which had ended by landing him, a skulcin series of the Three which had ended by landing him, a skulcin series of the Three which had ended by landing him of clock dinner was brought up; but when that the word or su tramp the frowey streets for hours. He rarely ventured more than a mile away from the Three Fisher, but found his way back to it sgain and again in the course of each evening's peregrinalamps could be seen; for no scoper had he left t behind him, than he became possessed by an uneasy sense of the insecurity of its existence, a dread of fire or of some other unforeseen ca amity overtaking it while he was away, which dragged him back times without number against his better sense, as it were, that he might satisfy himself with his own eyes that the craxy old building was still intact. He was not without a building was will inthet. He was not without a reason for this anxiety. Behind a loose piece of skirting board at the back of his bed lay hidden

on the following night, and etrain his eyes into the darkness, and listen, as though he were ex pecting the coming of some grim boatman, with whom he had an appointment that must not be broken.

Yee, Gurney Brackenridge began to find the life he was leading intolerably dull. No wender, then, that he began to look at his old friend, the brandy bottle, for solace and companionship lader the wing of this trusty friend, he could forget half his troubles, or afford to view them with as much equanimity as though they were the property of some one else; so, little by little, the alluring Labit grew upon him, and day by day his power of resistance grew weaker. The landlord of the Three Fishes made no difficulty about procuring as much French brandy as his lodger asked for, so long as his privilege of a

hundred per cent, profit was not objected to. One evening, while rambling about, Bracken ridge got wet through, and took a severe cold; and after that time he lay in bed almost day and night, drinking more than ever, and rarely going outside the house, except now and then to steal down the street, and gaze through the bare for a minute or two at the river, and then creep back with a shiver to his cheerless room. He slept so much in the daytime now that he could no longer rest soundly at night, and his pillow was often haunted by frightful dreams, from which he would wake up in an agony so intense see made him dread the thought of ever going to sleep again. As each morning came round, he told himself that it should be the last of his stay at the Tiere Fisher, that on the following day he would go down to the docks and secure a berth on board the first ship he could find that was about to sail at once for a foreign a crime into a mere error of judgment; and, at that was about to sail at once for a foreign a crime into a mere error of judgment; and, at that was about to sail at once for a foreign a crime into a mere error of judgment; and, at that was about to sail at once for a foreign port, no matter whither. Surely sufficient time the worst, they could bit record a verdict of had now clapsed for his little affair to be buried had now clapsed for his little affair to be buried. under the pressure of other and more immediate It may, however, be doubted, whether, in any case, it sakenings would have had the courage to take a course so apparently straightforward, Yes, he would go and look for a ship next morning without fail, and get out of this corsed country as quickly as possible. But when next morning came, bringing with it a nasty head unless I'll go a bit of the way with you? You're ache, and a feeling of languor and utter distaste an infernal old nuisance, Jerry, to say so; and a feeling of languor and utter distaste an infernal old nuisance, Jerry, to say so; and for exertion of any kind, the soul of his resolution between the hand taken the hand ta that he had taken the hundred and twenty tion had vanished; and after refreshing himself pounds as his own, such a step was utterly out in some measure with a volley or two of curses. invoked on his own head for his own lazinese and lack of purpose, he would make another ap pointment with himself for the following morn-

ing, which would be broken in turn.
"I call him the Bottle Conjuror," said the landlord to his wife one night, in allusion to "He has an almighty swallow their lodger. "
and no mistake. And so quiet as he is over all! No noise, no blether. I like a fellow that

Waking up one night from an ugly dream, Brackenridge started up in hed, and gazed fear fully rout d, as though half expecting to see With a sigh of relief, he drew his chair up to the blaze, and poured himself out a tumbler of brandy, and sat down to hood were thoroughly detestable; but then—no one ever asked him any questions; no one ever to bed no more during the dark hours. He seemed to suspect his reasons for lingering there, beard a distant clock strike, and looking at his watch, he found that it was two hours past mid-night. How quiet everything was! All the night. How quiet everything was! All the world but himself seemed to be asleep. He would have liked just now to go down and have a peep at the black river; but it would never to to disturb the household at such an untimely hour. Suddenly he started, and gazed over his shoulder with straining eyes. Was there not somebody outside trying the casement? next moment be laughed aloud to think what a following his phantom guide. A single false timorous fool he was. "I ought to know by the tima," he muttered, "that it's only that blustering old Boreas in want of a night's the state in which Brackenringe then was in so lodging somewhere. I shall be frightened at far recembled semnamoulism

With that he took a long pull of the tumbler eyes as a safeguard for his feet. of brandy; and then with his suppered feet resting on the fender, and half crouching over

Another hour striking by the distant clock.
"One—wo—three. The Miller of Dec so jolly
was he, he cared for nobody, no not he."

"Come in." He had heard no noise of footsteps on the stairs, but there was certainly a

knock at his room door.

"Jerry Winch!" He almost screamed the words as he started up from his chair, and pressed his fingers to his burning eyeballs for a oment, as if to shut out the dread apparition But it was still there when he looked again; so he took the half-emptied bottle in his hand, and drained a draught that would have scorched the vitals of any one less case hardened than him-self. "That's better," he muttered. "I don't care a d—n now for all the ghoets in the world."

There was a wild glare of defiance in his blood-shot eyes, and his hands shook like those of a man stricken with palsy as he waved his arm for the phantom to enter. "Curse you, why don't you come in '' he ex-

claimed. "Don't stand there, staring at me with those dead man's eyes. Shut the door after you, and take that chair. No nearer, if you please, or else I must draw back : ghosts ain't pleasant companions at close quarters. You look a fully cold.—You always are cold now, and I shall be the same when I'm like you!-By Jove! though, I say, that's serious; espe cially for a follow like me, that never could stand cold. And, I say, Jerry, my buck, why do you have your jaw tied up with that white cloth? It ain't nice; there's a church-yard flavor about it that I can't stomach.—What do you say? It's the custom of the country where are now for jaws to be tied up in that ion. Then it's a custom that ought to be fashion. abolished. Ugh! it makes me feel as if my veins were full of worms, to look at you. While you are here, Jerry, I may as well tell you that what happened to you at my house was quite accidental-it waen't intended, on my soul; and accidental—it wasn't timeneed, on my sout; and I hope you bear no malice.—You don't? That's kind—that's good of you. I daresay, now, that unsubstantial feilows like you have conceit enough to fancy that they know a beap of things; but I'd wager my two ears that you can't tell me where I shall be and what I shall be doing twelve hours from this time.—What do you say? I shall he down by Deptford That's a lie, anyhow; I shall be no-the sort. But never mind, my young romancer; go ahead, and tell me what I shall be doing down by Deptford Creek to morrow afternoon. You shake your head; you won't answer. I thought that would be a poser for you. Come, now, I'll put my question another way. How shall I go down to Deptford Creek to morrow afternoon?-By water, do you say? Your src a liar, Jerry. But never mind; tell me what will happen when I get down to the Creek?—There will be a crowd of people, and two men will hook a body from among the mud and piles, and nobody there will know whose it is—is that what I understand you to say? Very interesting, certainly; only I don't quite see in what way it concerns me. I must have another brandy to take the taste of your mark out of my mouth. A drowned body! Faugh! let's talk of something else.—You must be going, do you say? With all my heart, for it is rather late, you know. Next time you pay me a visit, come at a more seasonable hour—by daylight, if possible. And I say, Jerry, do leave off wearing that white cloth round your face; and there's a cold, fishy look about your eyes that I don't like; and there's a bluish tinge about your complexion that I don't remember to have noticed before. Do, my dear fellow, pay a little more attention to your appearance .want me to go with you, do you say? Much obliged, but I'd rather stay where I am.— There's something outside you want to show me? What, in the fiend's name, can there be outside worth my going to look at, at this time of the night? Oh, you won't stir, won't you unless I'll go a bit of the way with you? You're for a blue moon. I suppose I must do as you want me, or I shall never get rid of you:

Having fortified himself with another pull at long necked favorite, Brackenridge was ready, without further preparation, to accom-pany his ghostly visitor. He rose, pushed back his chair, and with his eyes intently fixed on the figure which his disordered brain had conjured up, he crossed the floor, and opened the door, passed into the corridor outside, which was lighted at its further end by a opened direct on to the roof of the next house Towards this window, through which a white stream of moonlight was now falling, the chemist advanced, still following that something uvisible to all eyes but his own

Not there, Jerry-not there, man !" he said, in an excited whisper. "That window onens or to the leads, and your way lies down the stair case. What's that you say? You are going CAPC. You are going to take a walk on the leads, and I must go Well, go shead, my hearty; G the man to shirk anything he has promised. would have been more mannerly of you, though Jerry, to have left the window open behind you, instead of flitting through over it fashion, and leaving me to bungle over it though but it blows coo instead of flitting through lo that queen best can. Ecod! though, but it blows cool out

Be this time Brackenridde was standing of the leads of the house next to the Three Fishes, in the little atreet leading down to the river.
The houses in this street were of one uniform height, and were built after an antiquated style, with dormer windows in the roof, in from which was a flat leaded space, and outside that a broad raised parapet. On to this parapet But Brackenridge now stepped withou parently enabled to dispense with the use of his eee bothing rave the gliding phantom before him; he looked neither to the right hand nor to came back just in time to save poor duil. Herent out for a newspaper every morning, the fire, he fell to truoding darkly over his past the left; he saw nothing of the vast panorama to Joe as an instance of total deprayity.

of house-tops stretching out interminably three sides of him; he saw nothing of the dark river in front of him, towards which his steps were tending; but with eyes that never winked, or broke away for a single instant from their intense stare at vacency, and with unfaltering feet, he went onward to his doom.

"A regular wild goose chase this, and no mistake," he muttered. "Jerry, Jerry, you imp of Satan, where are you leading me to? Not up there, you nincompoop? Well, if we must, we must; but we cant get much further, at anyrate, for the river's just below." While the chemist was speaking, he came to the end of the parapet along which he had been walking, and close before him rose the higher roof of the disused granary, which was built on to the last house of the street, and ran flush up to the river, with a penthouse, and a crane, for convenience in hoisting grain into and out of the barges which oc-casionally moored alongside. Behind the stack of chimneys belonging to the last house, a small iron ladder gave access to the roof of the gra-nary, which had probably been put there as a means of escape in case of fire, and up this ladder Brackenridge now mounted.

"Not another step will I follow you, Jerry, my back," said the chemist in a positive tone as he stepped on to the roof; "and it's my be-lief that I'm a confounded ass for having come so far. Now, show me what you have got to show me, and let me go back to my room, for it's awfully cold here. O no, of course you den't feel it; you've not no. don't feel it; you've got no Jerr don't! don't," screamed the wretch starting from the spot on which he had been standing, his white drawn face all distorted with terror, while a light foam began to gather on With the suddenness of a flash of lightning, the air drawn phantom which he had been following had changed its semblance. It was no longer the likeness of Jerry in the flesh that he saw before him, but the likeness of Jercy out of the flesh. It was neither more nor less than a skeleton clothed in the habiliments Jerry had been went to wear-the home-spun suit, the conical hat, the hob-nailed shoes, were all there; there was even a peculiar little selfconceited pose of the head common to Jerry when the poor simpleton was more than usually well pleased with himself; and, more terrible than all else, there, too, were Mogaddo and Pi-panta, writhing and colling round the fleshless arms and neck of their master, as Brackenridge

had often seen them do when alive.

Almost before Brackenridge had time to note this horrible transformation, the phantom swiftly altered its position, and placed itself between him and the ladder. With another scream, even more shrill than the first one, the haunted wretch fell back. "Oh, Jerry, lad, have mercy, have mercy!" he cried. "What have I done, to be tormented thus? I will confess every thing; I will go back, and give myself up; only

leave me-leave me, or I shall go mad!"

Trembling in every limb, the chemist retreated step by step along the flat roof of the grahim up, leering at him horrioly from under its conical hat; while the glittering eyes of Mogado and Pipanta fixed full on his eyes, seemed to pierce his brain like spikes of flame. He had either forgotten how close he was to the river, or was heedless of his danger in the great dread that lay upon him. Nearer and nearer to the fatal spot, slowly pursued by the remorseless

foe which his own fancy had conjured up.

"Have mercy, have mercy!" he wailed with clasped hands, but still retreating, "Let me

keep my senses; let me have time to—"
Not another word on earth. A sudden fall
backward from the roof of the granary; a wild shrick, borne far through the night-air; a heavy splash in the swift-flowing river; and Gurney Brackenridge was no longer among the living That wild cry and that heavy splach were heard by the crew of the Thames police-boat on duty no great distance away. They were quickly on the spot, and rowed about it for nearly an hour; but nothing more was seen or heard. noon of the same day—for it was early morning when all this took piace—a little crowd was as-sembled down Deptford way, watching two men drag a drowned body from among the piles and mud, where it had been left by the receding (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.) tide.

The oldest woman in America is Mrs. o co, who lives in the mountains of East Tennessee, and is aged one hundred and twenty-one blind, but being quite hearty, walks without assistance. Her memory is un impaired, and she can recount many of the events of the Revolution with great accuracy.

A Scotch earl, Lord Fife, gave Madame her leg; the earl died, and this taken of herished leg was sold for half a crown.

23 A clergyman of England was much

rufied recently by learning that his daughter had eloped with her groom. The old gentle-man's ire was considerably mollified by the further information that the delinquent was nothing worse than a bridegroom.

The rate in the sewers of Vienna have en so effectually destroyed by green vitriol, sulphate of iron, that Professor Hyrtle, of that city, requiring some of those animals for at any price.

Nuremburg exports 20,000 of Fabers

ead pencils annually.

It is a sad commentary upon the prosperity and "fast" habits of the last few years in America that since 1856 nearly all our state penitentiaries have doubled the number of their

While the Woman's Rights Convention was in session at Albany a horse car was crowded. There entered a severe looking female. An old gent rose to give her a seat. "Be you one of those womenrighters?" he asked. "I be," the ancient replied You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man, do you?" he inquired. "Yes I do," was a newer. "Then," said the man, answer. "Then," said the man, "Yes I do," was the emphasic " stand up. and enjoy them like a man;" and she had to

A line of steam carriages for common is to be established from Marseilles to Aubigne, a emall town ten miles off Experiments of the same kind between Nantes and Paris have proved very successful, Perhaps this and the hippophagic movement foreshadow the ultimate fate of the horse.

Deacon Brown lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: 'T e fact is, Deacon, that I may swear a good deal, and you may pray a great deal, but beither of anything by it." The Descon now alw scon now always aliudes

Consumption of Postage Stamps.

Twenty tous, or by supe ficial measurement, its eight and a half square miles, of postage sings have been used during the year—enough of a large township, with all its houses, her, barn, gardens, forests and farms; or, choose to make a ribbon of them, enough in nearly from the equator to either pole, the length of the Missimippi river. So received would be oblight genough to be forestment stamp on the envelope it-the mere oblight on of these little extra bits the mere of the mail-bags by more for y trousend pounds, and sava in paper a or twenty thousand dollars. The Post-of-General does not impart this information many words, but he assures us that nearly sold in the year past, beside nearly forty as of stamped envelopes, and a simple station reduces the story to the more tau-term we have given it—Secutific Ame

of A Valcane Manicipe.—Dr. Poland's White the Compound, advertised in our courses, is a masseful attempt to combine and apply the medicipations of the White Pine Bark. It has been accoming to steel by people in this city and wichnity, at the propeletor has testimonals of its value from some well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which is adapted. It is for sate by all our drugglets."—Y ladependent.

#### REAT NEW ENGLAND BUMEDY DR. J. W POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND

nw off red to the afflicted throughout the coun-after making been proved by the test of cleven in the New England States, where its merits if known as the tree from which. THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

re Sire Tiroat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Birochitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary All ctions generally. It is a remarkable Rooly for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Diffi-lly of Volding Urine, Bleeding from the chees and Bladder, Gravel and other Comsints. For Piles and Scurry it will be found

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It is pleased in Medicines generally nov12-3m

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DR B. C. PERRY, constraints, author of the above valuable Book, readway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New york, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or walp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; pat less freekies, pimples, comodones (called black

To temove moth patches, freekles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your drugglet for l'erry a Noth and Freckie Lotion, or send to Dr

warma), and all brown discolorations removed from

to charge for consultations personally or by

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivailed family medicine

The PAIN KILLER is, by universal consent, lowed to have won for itself a reputation many passed in the history of medicinal preparations. Its instantaneous effect in the entire eradication and extinction of pain, in all its various forms incidental to the human family, and the unsolicited written and verbal testimony of the masses in its favor, have been, and are, its own best advertisement.

Holloway's Pills.—Four breath, so nauseoms to every one, and the invariable concomitant of a disordered state of the stomach, is easily corrected by a few dows of these cleansing Pills. Manufactory, 50 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Every lady should by taking and Retail at Manufactory and Sales-room, No. 628 ARCH St.

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THERE IS NO EXCESS for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPA-RILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and Ye moddy victims of billious disease, have

some regard for your neighbore, if not for your-

HOPS—Prime new sen at source, and fair to good at 45 note of 9.

FLASTER—Sale of soft at \$4.50 to ton.
SELDS—Cloverseed; small sales are reported at from \$4.25 0.95 to but. Timothy ranges at from \$3.25 0.75, and Flaxseed at \$2.90 0.0 to but.
SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at \$4.55 0.7,67 w gal-

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are re-ported at Herting 4. S. WOOL—The market continues inactive. About the one pounds sold at from Sounds for fine; 5 is sie for medium; 60 sie for coarse; 5 is 50 for tus washed, 20 sile for unwashed; and 53 a Sie 7 for No. 1 Western pulled.

を記念で

Rates of Advertising. Thirty couts a line for each insertion [ Payment is required in advance.

## BEARRELAGES.

Marringe notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. T. R. Miller, Mr. William Larlaw to Miss Linix V. Hamilton, both of this cit.

On the 24th of Nov., by the Rev. Win. B. Wood, Mr. Charles E. Jones to Miss Many J. Part, both of thus city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. Win. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. Jacob Harwara to Miss Manufa C. Bergean, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. T. A. Ferniey, Mr. Jones P. Herrara to Miss filter F. Ruffen, both of this city. On the 2th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, if: Stacy Jakus to Mis. Mark W. Millard, oth of the city.
On the 2th of Dec., by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, J. D., Charles Haute, fig., of Potsylle, Pa. to.

#### DEATUS.

fir Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-sled by a responsible name.

On the 24t of Dec., ELLEN WILLIAMS, in her 19th On the 24th of Dec., Mrs. Mannaker L., relict of the late Jeremish Saunders, in her 6-th year On the 24th of Dec., Mrs. Anna Lecalan, in her th year. On the 234 of Dec., Honack M. Martin, aged the 2 id of Dec., John G. Chambers, in his On the 23d of Dec., WILLIAM CHESSUR, aged 31 years.
On the 21d of Dec , Louis G, Marning, is his lith year. 44th year on Dec., Louis G. Marnice, in his on the vist of Dec., William J. Covitin, in his 3-th year

# MENDENHALL'S

## Improved Self-Acting HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

#### HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable easy understood and easy to to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple torning of an easy crank. A boy or girt birther years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

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333 Chestnut St , Philadelphia, Pa. Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yares, &c., &c. oc20-tf

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Of Cor Own Make" are manufactured expressly meet the wants of First Class and most Fashio every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Traits, which for symmetry of style, floish, lightness, clasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

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THE MARKETS.

FIGURE—There is little or no demand for expert. About 600 bbls sold, in lots, to the retailers and bixers at prices ranging from \$6.00, 500 rauges. \$1.60, paper \$1.30. Measinh, Handel, cloth \$2, brands \$1.60, paper \$1.30. Measinh, \$1.84. Paul, Meadelsaohn, cloth \$2, brands \$1.60, paper \$1.30. Measinh, Handel, cloth \$2, brands \$2.0, brands \$2.0, paper \$1.30. Measinh, Measinh, \$1.84. Paul, Meadelsaohn, cloth \$2, brands \$2.0, paper \$1.75. Namann, Costa, cloth \$2.50, brands \$2. paper \$1.75. Namann, Costa, cloth A frism's Song of Triumph, Schubert, of Friendship, Mozart, 50. St. Cecilia's B. Bree cloth Si 25, paper St. May Queen, cloth Si 25, paper St. The Morning, Restorm Eling, Baker, 34. Burning Ship, B. Winter Evening's Entertainment, cuit, cloth paper St. Transient and Eternal, Romb Great Reheltion, Webster, S3. Sent, post-OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publis

About 980 bales of middings sold at 330 stage for Uplands, and 30 stage for No Orleans.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow at 100 W. B. COAL, continues hactive Sales are making at 35 stage for the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United State, and the Manual Sales of yellow at 100 W. B. Ex PHERS—Sales of good western are making at 30 stages, and choice at 87 stage W. B. Ex PHERS—Sales of good western are making at 30 stages, and choice at 87 stage W. B. Ex PHERS—Sales of good western are making at 30 stages, and choice at 87 stage W. B. Ex PHERS—Sales of uppared quarters at 10 stages, large sales of uppared pared pa

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You must have chormed You want. Fifther, to get a GOOD acuste. Yen theu want it as This is natural and right enough.

The question is William to bur?

It is to your PFR-SONAL interest to consider the following facts:
There is organized in Philadepphia on incoexe estationament to make PFRSF-CLASS CLOFIGING, and to make it cheaper than JUSIOMARY. The non-civil are bound to find the second process of the control of the consideration are bound to find the T from the best A societies and four open manufacturers, and thus considerable is saved. Full prices are paid to workmen, so as to exist substantial and bandsomers garments; the Satesone and Clerks are such that customers can fully rely upon them, and every effect is made to picase and suit patrone, so as to KEEP as sell as make custom. The result of combined industry, system, and close application of all the employees, has secured a noaci establishment, a SUPERIOR style of Clothing, and VERY MODERATE.

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These Machines are now sold, with valuable im

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No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table, Half Case, Paneiled, Otled Walnut, 69 Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 68

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Wared Black Walnut Table. 564
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 96
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,
with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

Polished Table, 574
daif Case, Olled Walnut, 582
daif Case, Pollshed, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 84
daif Case, Pollshed, Rosewood, 90
full Case, Pollshed, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 104
Full Case, Pollshed, Black Walnut or Mahogany,
with Drawers, 114
Full Case, Pollshed, Rosewood, 114

Every Machine is said complete with a Hemmer. Nos 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

EF The number 3, plain table, (worth \$56) of the thore list, is the machine we are now offering as a Prantise for The Laby's Farance and The Saves. Prom the emany respectable recommendations given to the lay Everine Port—see Prespectas. Any of the larger priced machines may be produced by sending time for the stonach. Butter, I was undensited them to be a good remedy for definity, and a most excessed time for the stonach. Butter I was under excessed. Butter I was under excessed. above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SAVER-BAY EVENING POST-SES Prospected. Any of the higher priced machines may be produced by sending

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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cartle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices restined from 18% of 6% co B 250 Cown brought from 200 to 100 km and accept 10,000 head were disposed of at from 28,00 from 500 cts W. B. 5000 Begs sold at from 28,00 decil-60.

Megalfying 500 ctsmss. masted for 16 Cente. There is according to promise by addressing, in profession of the price of the price of the prices of t

The Great Strengthening Tonic

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GERMAN BITTERS, WILLIAM Debility: Debility:

> Resulting from any cause whatever 11

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

Severe Hardships, Exposure,

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE. BOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE ABULT OR YOUTH,

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And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

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This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more jest more less more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

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Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Dusorders of the Department Granes.

Constipation Inward Price, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acadesy of the Stomach, Nauses, Heartburn, Diagost for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Erreitations, Southing or Finttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Harried and Diffi off Breating, of the Head, Harried and Diffi off Breating, Functions of the Head, Income of the Man in 1910.

Furtherms at the Heart, toking or Muffer for the Head, Plant in the Head, Defection of Perspiration, Volcomens of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Stee, Back, Chest, Limbe, Ac., Sudden Flushero Head, Running in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

# L

REMEMBER, That this litters is not Alexholic, contains no rum Whishey, and connot make Drunkards, but is the Bi Tomes in the World.

# READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Paster of Twelfth Bag. Gentlemen; int Church, Philadelpina.]

Gentlemen; in two scenario bean labering under the distressing effects of indirection, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remodes were recommended by friends, and some of their tested, but without resief. Your Hoodiland's terman Ritters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of above Ritters induced me to try them. I must confect that I had an aversion to Patent Moderney from the "thousand and one" grack. "Bitters," whose only a lim seems to be to nature of westerned and design and are seens to be to nature of then Medicines from the "thousand and one" quase.

"Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to pain of awareness and in one and the awareness of the seems of the se

(From the Rev. E. D. Fendull, Assistant Falifor Christian Chronolde, Pinada I.

I have derived deceled hench from the use of Hoof land? Greenen Bitters, and feel it may problem to recommed them as a most valuable using to all who are uniform general delocity or from discusses arising from decongenity to the liver.

Yourstray, E. D. FENDALL.

IFrom Rev Wm Smith, former v Paster of the Viscentogen and Milys is in L. Hapter Churches,
Baying used in my family a number of bothes of your
Heodinad's German Bitters. I may be say that I regard
them as an excellent inchance, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They
attemption and invigorals the system when definitated,
and are useful in diseased the system when definitated,
and are useful in the other of the love, loss of appetite,
&c. I be a size recommended them to assumed of my
friends, who have trued them, and found them greatly
benchmist in the revocation of health.
Yours true.

56 Hatchinson Screet, Phinada.

Ray J St. Herman, of the German Reform Church Kutztown, Birks Churty, Pa, was cured of Dyspepso Atwenty years standing

A. M. Spangier, Editor of the Culturist, No.25 North S. 1th Street, Philadelphia, says the Bitter wavercoom mounded to him by a medical friend, and are bottless great him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thes. Winter, D. D., Paster of Reabstrough Bay. Gat Courselv.
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Paster of the Baptist Church, Paulierton, N. J. formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Paster of the Baptist Church, Chuster, Paster of the Baptist Church, These gentlement express, in the strongest terms, their parorable opinion of the Bitters.

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P. O. How 368, Heating, Muss, and the prescription will be sent free by return mail.

### FIY AND HUMOR.

" I'm This Man."

The Synod of Kentucky was in session. The subject of raising the salaries of certain professors was under discussion. The Rev. R. J. Breckiaridge, D. D., was on the floor, making a speech in opposition to the measure. It had been said that ministers of high standing and large means, clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptrously every day, did not sympathics with those where making were anall. To this Dr. those whose salaries were small. To this Dr. Breckinridge was replying. He scouted the idea that ministers live for money, or desire the luxu ries of the world. As for him self, he challenged any man to say that he lived more frugally than himself. Drawing himself up to his full height, and standing six feet high at least, he displayed

"As to fine linen, if there is a man on this floor who dresses more plainly than I do, I offer to exchange clothes with him this moment."

Directly in frost of the moderator, and in sight of most of the members, and the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, one of the planting clargy—a short, thickset, and rotund brother, whose circum-ference exceeded his altitude, and in this respect no man in the house presented so strong and striking a contrast with the tall and courtly Kentuckian. But the proposition to swap clother had hardly escaped the lips of the speaker be-fore Hopkins wriggled himself out of his seat and on his feet, and cried out.—

"Mr. Moderator, I'm this man." The effect was instantaneous and tremen-dous. The image of Breckinvidge, with his long arms and legs protruding from Hopkins's tog gery, was up before the eres of the whod. They could see nothing else, think of nothing else; and for a while they gave way to uncontrolled laughter, in which no one joined so heartly as the discomfitted speaker.

#### Jezebel's Death.

Mr. Everett, the your gest son of the late Hon. Edward Everett, has published, in Eng-land, a series of entertaining becomes on College Life in old Cambridge, bringing in many of the laughable doings of under graduates. He de surphes doings of undergrandes. In the scribes the cramination of a student on the death of Jez bel, and ease that after prefacing his account of the tragedy with the remark that it was most important to preserve the exact words of the secred narrative, the examinee pro-

ceeded thus 'And as he passed through the gate of the city, there looked out unto him two persons ap-pointed for that purpose. And he said unto them, "Throw her down." So they threw her down. And he said, "Posit a second time." And they did it a second time. And he said, "Do it a third time." And they did it a third "Do it a third time." And they did it a third time; and they did it unto seven times; yea, even unto seventy times seven. Last of all the woman died also. And they took up of the broken fragments that remained seven baskets'

Another student describes the ascent of Elliah

into Heaven in this wise

"And then came two she bears out of the wood, and said unto Ellish, 'Go up, thou bald-

wood, and be went up."

The same examinee, after repeating the Samailtan's saying to the innkeeper, "When I come again, I will repay thee," added, "This he said, knowing that he should see his face no

A certain Georgia countryman, not having been splendidly educated, and who was very successful as a "noney maker," determined to send his ron off, for refinement and culture, to the good "O'd North State." When the young man arrived at the destined point, the President of the institution wanted to know what line of studice he would pursue, and failing to elicit the information from the boy, interrogated the old man, by letter as follows

"My Pran Six -Your son has arrived, Az What branch shall I put him in? " Respectfully."

This was a poser, and bothered the "old gent" mightily. In his musings he could arrive at nothing satisfactory, but was enddenly reminded of doing something speedily to save him.

After "rummaging" a while for a pen, ink, and
paper, he produced the fellowing demoralized
effasion .--

" Sin :- If the boy must go into a branch, se for his mother's sake. don't put him in Tar il ver.

## Field for a Lecturer.

A Paris, Kentucky, correspondent of the Cin clanati Times writes concerning that place :
A hamorous lecturer who came here recently

sent his agent on a couple of days shead, t Agent most thoroughly Bourben and. Whether or not there is "a Bourbon among us" he had certainly been among a good deal of Bourbon. The following dialogue ensued between lecture and agent-

ecturer ... "What are the prospects ?"

Agent-"Splen'id prospecs"
Lecturer-"What sort of a house do you

Agent—" (bic) Full."
Lecturer—" About how full !"
Agent—" (bic) Fuller'n tick."

Lecturer-" Do you think the people here ap-

" Preshate humor ! Well if as'n fel ler to drink evry fit'n minutes is 'preshation humor, they've (hic) got it!"

## A Little Round Turn.

Here, Phil, run out this line and make it fast with a round turn to the post of that warefrom the commander at one of the transports down there at City Point, to a strapping Emerald-Islander, in the blue shirt, broad collar and tarpaulin of the naval persuasion. "Ay, ay-ce, sur-r-r!" And away went Phil with the d of the warp, and three minutes later he was blasher away at one of the posts with an old axe he'd found lying round loose. "Hallon, there, man! What in thunder ye doing?" yelled a warehouse clerk. use clerk. "Going to cut the "Avast, there, Phil! What house down?" "Avast, there, Phill What the mischief are you up to?" roared the transport the mischief are you up to?" roared the transport time mortar! Never heard of such a summary captain. "Shure, an' it's only jist hewin' the carters aff am," Phil shouted back, still lathering away at the big post. "How the divil skittern years ago. It has been a practical fact would I be after takin's noted for your down on a more than a down of years with me."

"Please explain, will you?"



BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL TO THE GROUND.

First Shore Lack — "I cotched 'old on 'im fust!"
Skrovn Dirto — "I ou're a ——!"

Old gentleman is flung heavily.

#### A True Sentation Story.

He had done the deed.

But little did he guess that the eye of an inelligent potato in the next field was upon him.

The potato poured the dreadful story into the eur of the corn, which let out the secret in its the corn was cut, after thus betraying confidence, the story got wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in conmber

The culprit was overtaken by justice, and several scarlet runners, and brought before a

stice of the peas.
The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principal witness

for the prosecution Wouldst know, ch, reader, the wretched man

He had shed the blood of a turnip, little ex-He was executed, of course, the mode of exeot ed artery

He is now a dead beat

A Hypochita. - An editor save that a mouse chich had several times been caught in the act f nibbling the nice things in his pantry, was the other day traced to its nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little "responsibilities". The parent rogue was arrested and executed for laroeny. On one side of the nest a piece of an old Eible was found, on which the following words were distinctly "Thou shalt not steal." hypocrite !

## AGRICULTURAL.

Casmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

thing that may come up new in his line of prac-tice. Three days since we -- - - the major was one of us -- were buggying across the country in a latitude and longitude not much known to either of us. The major was on the lookout for novelties, and found something that astonished other of us. The major was on the lookout for novelties, and found something that astonished him. And being astonished, he sung out—
"Hather" as he has a habit of doing. Then after looking a little, and standing up in the Was wishing you'd stop and come over and after looking a little, and standing up in the buggy in order to look further or plainer, or something, and getting set down solid suddenly by a jerk of the buggy, the major said more, in

Well, I'll be blessed ! Just look over vender. If there aint a he goose chopping up frozen ground and setting out apple trees in winter eather cold enough to free san Arctic fox.

man is at, major. What is that white stuff he's

utting in the holes—snow?"
"No, don't you see it looks like lime mortar? I'll bet the fool a putting lime-whitewash into his tree holes. Hold up! stop, Cosmo. Let us go over and look at the simpleton's work." So we held up-stopped, and tied Phil to the fence and went over to look at the simpleton. nd saw as we got close a middle-aged man that didn't look a mite like a simpleton. But putting lime mortar into the hole

Hallos neighbor p from his work.

What are you doing, sir "

"Don't you see? Setting out there young apple trees I've got here.'

"Yes, and pitching into the holes sode and clode frozen as hard as fire bricks, and then gravely: shovelling lime mortar over 'em to set the trees I'll cat every tree you get to grow in that war of planting. "I'd rather you wouldn't sir. Too many

bugs and worms living on our fruit trece already without men taking to eating 'em. be welcome to the first apples they bear as many as you can carry off. You'll find them better eating than the trees."

"But, my dear sir-this putting out trees i the winter-setting them on from clode

"Yes, sir. You see the trees are torpid-dead like now-don't feel anything. Well, it's better to put them out now, just as we put a baby to bed while it is asleep. Then they wake up after the winter's nap, find themselves planted all right, and are ready to go on growing. Better, a great deal than to plant them in the fall, before they are quite seleep, or in the spring after they get awake and the buds started. put them back some the best we can do, and sometimes it kills."

"Yes, you're right there. That is correct phi-

"Well, you see I put the frozen sode, clode, and surface earth in a heap in the centre of the hole, shovel in all around the pile about a bushel of fine, rich compost, made of almost every-thing I can scrape up about the place. Then I spread over the top about a bucket full of this lime whitewash thickened with spent tan bark, set the tree on top and fill in carefully with the fine earth, and cover over all with half-rotted The sods and clods hold the barn yard litter. freet in a long while and keep the trees from waking up and trying to bud out too early if there happens to come a premature warm spel in the spring. The lime lays hold of the sods, fixing the grass and fibrous roots for food for the young tree, the frost coming out gradually leaves the under-pinning light and porous, the tan back helps in that way, and when the baby tree wakes up naturally, all it has to do is to go right on growing. There's that orchard up there-beautiful trees, aint they ?-three hun dred of 'em—every tree planted in the winter, just exactly as I am putting in these. Never lost a tree that I remember."

The major looked a little while at the manscratched his car as he has a way of doing when trying to remember something, or somebody, and finally asked-

"Isn't your name Plodder ?"
"Yes, sir."

"Jacob Plodder "

"Junior, Yes, Jacob, Jr, the fifth. That is, I am the fifth Jacob Plodder, Jr., that's owned and farmed this place.

"Why, bless me, Mr. Piodder! How are you? Shake hands. Thought I'd seen you - Cosmo-Mr. Jicob. Plodder, whose apples—Newtown Mr. Jicob Flodder, whose applies—Sewona and fall-seppines, red streaks, Jarenwalders, Rambos and R. I. Greenings, have been getting first prizes at all the shows and fairs these five years.

Thought I knew you, Mr. Flodder."

Thought I knew you, Mr. Flodder."

Thought I knew you, Mr. Flodder."

learn something

"And I am very glad I have done so, Mr Plodder, And now, as I see you have been pru ning and trimming up your orchard there lately, coning in winter is a practice as new to me as planting out frees in winter on lime mortar and

"Yes, I 'epose so, major. And to most people besides yourself. But as to the ideaidea at all with me; though it was at first. It's a fixed fact now - You see lapping off a limb from a tree while it is dead asleep, as it is lo ping off a person's leg or arm, or jerking out tooth, while the patient is uncor there is no shock to, or prostration of, the system. When they wake up the stump is all ban-daged up snug-no pain, and they go right on where he was going to plant a young apple tree, and a bright, intelligent-looking lad—his son, about it. You see wherever I cut off a limb of was assisting. Ten steps off, the major sangular size I dress the cut with leaves and almost any sort of soft mulching, bandage with a oit of matting or any old rag, and in the spring, What for ?" the man asked, without looking when the trees wake up the cut is cured, the don't miss their lost limbs an atom, and go right on growing.

> Major H studied over the thing is slience, never once opening his lips till we were more than a mile up the road, when he observed

> "Cosmo-Plodder's practice is correct. I am going to follow it. When a man has put his theories, ideas, and philosophy into a dozen years of positive facts, as Plodder has, it is alwaye safe to follow his lead. I shall do so.

CLIPPING AND CLEANING UP.

Begin the new year with a better practice than you did the last one. Don't sit by the fire dreaming, in the way of the women folks after breakfast, guessing you won't go out till after dinner. Nothing much to be done outdoors -- no burry-not a mite of use sanntering around out in the cold.

Nonsense. That's an idler's argument. Drop it, and get out. What if it is a little sharp? Jump round sharper and get warmed up with

work. Forty-five odds and ends waiting to be done. Every one of them better done now that put off till spring work hurries—then half of them half done, and the remainder undone. At that rate in ten years or less you will be undone yourself. Look about and hunt up chores. Clip out the briare and bushes from that uneightly corner within thirty yards of your front gate. Clip off and burn all the old canes in black, and raspberry patches. Clear off all dead vines, pea brush and rubbish of all sorts from the Fix up fences; gather up and drag together, heap up and burn all sorts of trach.
Pitch in with the ashes whatever holds a cent's worth of inert fertility, and make a big beap of capital compost. Wake up-fly round, and warm up outdoors-keep busy and out of the Get accustomed to keeping things clipped and cleaned up, and get rich

GATERRED GRAINS.

Park spiralis frightening people out west again. One death from pig worms lately. Don't take the scare much—only enough to make you prudent and not eat raw, or half or a quarter raw, pork. Boil it like blazes, fry furiously, or bake thoroughly through, and eat pork with im penity, spiralis and all.

has been reported nearly all killed by the frost before ripening, corn is selling this day at from twenty to thirty-five cents per bushel. No sale

at any price for pork.

Good apples to be got up in York county for \$1.80 per barrel. Good sound cider \$3.50.

By the time they get down to Philadelphia they

somehow run up to \$7 and \$10.

— One New Hampshire grape vine gave the past season twenty-three hundred pounds of grapes, marketed at 12; cents per pound— \$257.50 carned by one grape vine. Papers say so. Pretty smart vine that.

There are Louisians oranges in New York market, cheaper, bigger, sweeter, and better every way than any foreign fruit ever imported.

Half-a-dozen enterprising individuals are at tea culture in earnest in North and South Carolina. One of the new things we shall know before long will be Carolina teas equal to the best "Imperials" and Japans.

### RECEIPTS.

MINORMEAT .- Ingredients: Three large le mone, three large apples, one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of currents, one pound of suet, two pounds of moist sugar, one ounce of sliced candied orange peel, one ounce of sliced candied citron, and the same quantity of lemon-peel, one teacupful of brandy, two tablespoons-ful of orange marmalade. Mode: Grate the rinds of the lemons, squeeze out the juice, strain it, and boil the remainder of the lemons until tender enough to pulp or chop very finely. Then add to this pulp the apples, which should be baked, and their skins and cores removed; put in the remaining ingredients one by one, and as they are added, mix everything very tho roughly together. Put the mincement into a notes it with a closely-fitting lid, and in a fort-night it will be ready for use.

PLEN PERDING.—Cut four ounces of beef

suct fine, and mix it with four ounces of bread crumbs; four ounces of raisins and seed them four of currants, one ounce of citron cut small; essence or lemon rind to flavor, a little nutmen grated, two ounces of sugar (some prefer brown). Beat four eggs with two tablespoonsful of milk. Mix the whole ingredients above stated into it, and incorporate everything thoroughly. Put in two tablespoonsful of rum, a teaspoonful of sale. Dip a clean towel in boiling water, sprinkle flour over it. Put the mixture in. Double up the corners of the towel. The as tight as pos-sible. Boil this size three hours. The longer you boil the lighter it is. When you serve it pour brandy or rum over it, and send it to the table burning. Serve it in slices. A little buter, flour, sugar, and wine, mixed together on

the fire, makes a good sauce. BEEF AT GRATIN.—Take cold beef, either boiled or roasted, and cut it in thin slices Grease a tin pan with butter, dust with bread crumbs, put in a little chopped parsley, and lay on the slices of beef. Put salt and pepper and

WINE JELLY. - Soak 4 oz. of gelatine in one quart of cold water for half an hour. In the meantime mix with two two quarte of cold water ix tablespoonsful of brands whites and shells of six eggs, the whites slightly beaten, the shells crushed; 3 lbs. of white sugar then mix the gelatine with the other ingredients and put them over the fire. Let it boil withou dannel bag without squeezing; wet the mould in cold water, pour the jelly in, and leave it is a cool place for three hours.

PANCARE PUDDING .- Break six fresh eggs separate the yolk from the white, which p two different basins; add to the yolk two spoonsful of white pounded sugar, half an one of flour, half the rind of either an orange of lemon, chopped very fine, or a drop of any good essence : beat the whole together, and then a whick whip the white of the eggs as you would for a sponge cake. This requires some practice When hard and white as snow, mix lightly with the yolk, then have ready a very clean fryingpan, which put on a slow fire, add an ounce of butter, when melted put in two tablespoonsfu of the batter, let it fry a minute, then toss it up on the other side, as a pancake, turn it on a dish, use all the batter thus, and, when done, put them one on the other. Sugar over, bake ten minutes, and serve.

STREEGTHEN VINEGAR .- Freeze it and re move the ice which forms on the surface water of the vinegar alone freezes, leaving the scetic acid in solution in the remaining water.

CEMENT FOR ROCK WOLK AND RESERVOIRS. Where a great quantity of cement is wanted for coarser uses, the coal-ash mortar (or Weish tarras) is the cheapest and best, and will hold extremely well, not only where it is constantly kept wet or dry, but even where it is sometimes dry and at others wet; but where it is liable to be exposed to wet and frost, this cement should, at its being laid on, be suffered to dry thoroughly before any moisture has access to it; and, in that case, it will likewise be a great improve ment to temper it with the blood of any bear The mortar must be formed of one part lime and two parts of welf-sifted coal-ashes, and they must be thoroughly mixed by being beaten to gether, for on the perfect committee of the in-gredients the goodness of the composition de-

### THE RIBBLER.

WRITTER FOR THE SATURDAY EVERING POST

I am composed of 6 letters.

My 2, 6, 5, is a boy's nickname. My 3, 4, 6, 5, 5, is where Adam had his 1, 2, 3,

My 2, 1, 5, is a species of my 4, 8, 7.
My 4, 1, 4, is about the first word uttered by my

2, 1, 2, 6.

My 4, 3, 5, is where wild bessts have their 2, 3, 4.

My 4, 6, 1, 4, is what we will be in the 3, 5, 4.
My 2, 3, 4, is the retreat of those who begin to 5, 8, 4.

My 4, 8, 7, dearly loves to find my 2, 8, 5, 8.

My whole was a captive Hebrew.

WM. H. MORROW Irvin Station, Pa.

Charade. In countries where the snow drifts deep My first will often lie asleep, While feathery flakes around it arise

A shelter from the hunter's gaze. In the hazy forest, wild and drear, My second soundeth silv'ry clear, Many a horned band adorning,

That the traveller may have warning. My whole, though fragile, may be found On precipice or rocky ground; Be careful, therefore, lest thou fall

In seeking one who charmeth all.

Riddle. WRITTEN POR THE PATURDAY EVENING POST

H. D. W.

My latis in crying, but never in weep, My 1st is in crying, but never in weep,
My 2nd is in dozing, but never in sleep.
My 3rd is in convulsion, but never in fit,
My 4th is in wisdom, but never in wit.
My fifth is in goblin, and also in ghost,
My whole is a writer for "The Saturday oat."

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddie.

Take thou the noblest of all noble things, From which alone true freedom ever springs. Behead, a name you'll have, in Scripture found, For strongest friendship justly much renowned. If from this name the final you should take, Along your path I difficulties make.

But had you taken my head, and re-arranged,
Into a cosy shelter I had changed.

A. S.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A owed B \$500, for which B was willing to rait a year lorger, provided A would pay a part, and the interest at 6 per cent. in advance on the remainder. A paid \$200. Required—what part is to be credited on the principal.

Irvin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW An answer is requested.

## Mathematical Problem.

WAITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. There are two perpendicular towers, standing with their bases on level ground 64 feet apart from each other; the higher tower with its top overlooking the top of the lower tower by an excess of 12 feet in height. Now by this required the length of a ladder that will reach from a certain point between the two towers to within 4 feet of the top of the perpendicular height of the higher tower, and without moving the ladder at its foothold being leaned over against the lower tower will just reach to the top of this one. And as we are now at requiring heights and distances, we may just as well also find the height of each tower, and the distance from the base of each tower where the foot of said ladder will rest on the ground to balance in plain mathematical science the various conditions of the above problem.\* DANIEL DIEFENBACH. Kraterville, Smader Co., Po.

An answer is requested.

Problem. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a lever of the 1st order a weight of 84 ounds acting at the distance of 16.16 inches rom the centre of motion just balances 7 pounds. At what distance from the centre of motion does he power act every inch of the lever weighing pound. MORGAN STEVENS

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Why is the etern of a ship leaving port ke an uncivil gentleman? Ans.—Because it never returns a bow.

What is that which goes up the hill and wn the hill and vet never moves? Ans .- The When's a dead body not a dead body?

When it's a gal-on-a-bier.

Why is a dull book like eternity? Ans.
-You read it to no end. Why is a neat housekeeper like the sea?

Answers to Last.

Because she is tide-y.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA-Subseribe for the Saturday Evening Post, or Lady's Friend, and you will receive a beautiful engraving called One of Life's Happy Hours."

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of Sept. st-40670618531904 and 3945049997594689. N. Soders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. The field contains 125 square rode. A. Mar-

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of same date...The fly's trace is the "Logarith-mic spiral," and he must walk 20 inches to get to the centre of the window. Artemas Mar-